

A MODERN SAINT

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"This small book cannot be urged on the reader strongly enough . . . the book is done with such simplicity and honesty and innocence that Dr. Schweitzer becomes extraordinary once again—though this time by virtue of qualities that are man-size rather than superhuman."—

New York Times

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ALBERT SCHWEITZER

Out of My Life and Thought

An Autobiography

Translated by C. T. Campion

Postscript 1932-1949

by Everett Skillings



A MENTOR BOOK

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1. Childhood, School, and University

I WAS born on January 14th, 1875, at Kaysersberg in Upper Alsace, the second child of Louis Schweitzer who was shepherding just then the little flock of evangelical believers in that district. His grandfather was schoolmaster and teacher of his village, and he Schilling in the

Münster Valley, Upper Alsace.

A few weeks after my birth my father moved to Gunsbach in the Münster Valley, where with my three sisters and one brother I lived through a very happy childhood and youth, unclouded but for the frequent illness of my father. His health improved, however, later on, and as a sturdy septuagenarian he looked after his parish during the war under the fire of the French guns which swept the valley from the heights of the Vosges mountains, making victims of many a house and many an inhabitant of Gunsbach. He died in ripe old age in 1925. My mother was knocked down and killed in 1916 by cavalry horses on the road between Gunsbach and Weierim-Tal.

When I was five years old my father began giving me music lessons on the old square piano which we had inherited from grandfather Schilling. He had no great technical skill, but improvised charmingly. When I was seven I surprised our schoolmaster by playing hymn tunes on the harmonium with

and when the famous organ was placed in Lucerne he made a journey there in order to work.

he died of typhoid fever in the flower of his age, I perpetuated his memory in a small booklet written in French. It was published in Mülhausen, and was the first product of my pen to appear in print.¹

At the Gymnasium I was chiefly interested in history and natural science. Our history teacher was Dr. Kaufmann, brother of the Breslau historian. Natural science we were taught splendidly by Dr. Forster.

In languages and mathematics it cost me an effort to accomplish anything. But after a time I felt a certain fascination in mastering subjects for which I had no special talent. So in the upper forms I was reckoned one of the better scholars, though not one of the best. With essays, however, if I remember right, I was usually the top boy.

In the First Form we were taught Latin and Greek by the distinguished director of the Gymnasium, Wilhelm Deecke of Lübeck. His lessons were not the dry instruction of a mere linguist, but they introduced us to ancient philosophy, and he was thereby enabled to give us glimpses of the thought of modern times. He was an enthusiastic follower of Schopenhauer.

On June 18th, 1893, I passed the final examination. In the written papers I did not cut a brilliant figure, not even in the essay. In the *viva voce*, however, I attracted the notice of the president of the board of examiners, Dr. Albrecht of Strasbourg, by my knowledge of history and my historical judgment. My otherwise rather mediocre final certificate was, at his instance, adorned with an "Excellent" in history, substantiated by the reasons for this high praise.

In October of this year, the generosity of my father's elder brother, who was in business in Paris, secured for me the privilege of instruction on the organ from the Parisian organist, Charles Marie Widor. My teacher at Mülhausen had brought me on so well, that after hearing me play Widor took me as a pupil, although he normally confined his instruction to the members of the Organ Class at the Conservatoire. This instruction was for me an event of decisive importance. Widor led me on to a fundamental improvement of my technique, and made me strive to attain perfect plasticity in playing. At the same time there dawned on me, thanks to him, the meaning of the architectonic in music.

My first lesson from Widor happened to be on the sunny

¹ *Eugène Münch* (Mülhausen, Alsace, Brinkmann,

formance in his subject, that I took my Greek Testament with me to the maneuvers, and being then so robust that I did not know what fatigue was, I was able to get through some real work in the evenings and on the rest days. During the summer I had gone through Holtzmann's commentary. Now I wanted to get a knowledge of the text, and see how much I remembered of his commentary and his lectures. This produced remarkable results. Holtzmann had gained recognition in scientific circles for the Marcan hypothesis, that is, the theory that Mark's Gospel is the oldest, and that its plan underlies those of Matthew and Luke. That seemed to justify the conclusion that the activities of Jesus can be understood from Mark's Gospel only. By this conclusion I felt, to my astonishment, sorely puzzled when on a certain rest day which we spent in the village of Guggenheim, I concentrated on the tenth and eleventh chapters of Matthew, and became conscious of the significance of what is narrated in these two chapters by him alone, and not by Mark as well.

In Matthew x the mission of the Twelve is narrated. In the discourse with which He sends them out Jesus tells them that they will almost immediately have to undergo severe persecution. But they suffer nothing of the kind.

He tells them also that the appearance of the Son of Man will take place before they have gone through the cities of Israel, which can only mean that the celestial, Messianic Kingdom will be revealed while they are thus engaged. He has, therefore, no expectation of seeing them return.

How comes it that Jesus leads His disciples to expect events about which the remaining portion of the narrative is silent?

There is a small note by Holtzmann's explanation that -

The bare text compelled me to assume that Jesus really announced persecutions for the disciples and, as a sequel to them, the immediate appearance of the celestial Son of Man, and that His announcement was shown by subsequent events to be wrong. But how came He to entertain such an expectation, and what must His feelings have been when turned out otherwise than He had assumed they

Matthew x1 records the Baptist's question to

Messianic beliefs the coming of the Messiah is to be pre-

Messiah; he wanted to learn from Him, strange as this may seem to us, whether he was the expected Forerunner of the Messiah, Elijah.

But why does Jesus not give him a plain answer to his question? To say that He gave the evasive answer He did give in order to test the Baptist's faith is only an outcome of the embarrassment of commentators, and has opened the way for many bad sermons. It is much simpler to assume that Jesus avoided saying either Yes or No because He was not yet ready to make public Whom He believed Himself to be. From every point of view the account of the Baptist's question proves that at that time none of those who believed in Jesus held Him to be the Messiah. Had He already been accepted in any way as the Messiah, the Bapt-

of Heaven are no longer natural men; through the dawn of

Thus was I, at the end of my first year at the university, landed in perplexity about the explanation then accepted as historically correct of the words and actions of Jesus when He

one that was to be expected as coming with the almost imme-

of the contents of the first three Gospels.

During my remaining years at the university I occupied myself, often to the neglect of my other subjects, with independent research into the Synoptic question and the problems

university does not keep the student so completely in

one of the most important nurseries of the Bach cult which was coming into existence at the end of last century. Ernest Munch had an extraordinary knowledge of the works of the cantor of St. Thomas'. He was one of the first who abandoned the modernized rendering of the Cantatas and the Passion music which at the end of the nineteenth century was almost universal, and he strove for really artistic performances with his small choir accompanied by the famous Strasbourg orchestra. Many an evening did we sit over the scores of the Cantatas and the Passion music and discuss the right method of rendering them. Ernest Munch's successor as conductor at these concerts is his son Fritz Münch, the director of the Strasbourg Conservatoire.

Together with my veneration for Bach went the same feeling for Richard Wagner. When I was a schoolboy at Mülhausen at the age of sixteen, I was allowed for the first time to go to the theater, and I heard there Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. This music overpowered me to such an extent that it was days before I was capable of giving proper attention to the lessons in school.

In Strasbourg, where the operatic performances conducted by Otto Lohse were of outstanding excellence, I had the opportunity of becoming thoroughly familiar with the whole of Wagner's works, except, of course, *Parsifal*, which at that time could only be performed at Bayreuth. It was a great experience for me to be present in Bayreuth in 1896, at the memorable first repetition of the Tetralogy since the original performances in 1876. Parisian friends had given me the tickets. To balance the cost of the journey I had to content myself with one meal a day.

Today, if I go through a Wagner performance with all sorts of stage effects claiming attention alongside the music, as though it were a film show, I cannot help thinking with melancholy regret of the earlier *mise en scène* of the Tetralogy at Bayreuth, the very simplicity of which made it so marvelously effective. But not the staging alone was in the spirit of the departed master; the whole performance was the same.

The orchestra was led, as in 1876, by Hans Richter. Loge was played by Heinrich Vogl, and Brünhilde by Lilli Lehmann. Both of them had taken part in the original performance: Vogl as Loge, and Lilli Lehmann as one of the maidens.

It was Vogl who, as Loge, made on me, both as

actor, the deepest impression. From the moment of his appearance he dominated the stage without perceptibly having to do anything to draw attention to himself. He did not wear the harlequin dress of modern players of the character. Nor did he dance round the stage to the rhythm of the Loge motive, as the fashion is today. The only thing about him that was striking was his red cloak. The only movements that he executed to the rhythm of the music were those with which, as though acting under some compulsion, he threw this cloak now over one shoulder, now over the other, his gaze fixed on what was happening around him, yet himself quite independent of it all. Thus he stood plainly for the restless force of destruction among the gods who were marching forward, all unsuspecting, to their fatal sunset.

My study of the New Testament and the Confessions of faith drawn up by the Reformers "The thesis was an exercise imposed upon all candidates alike, and had to be finished within eight weeks. It decided whether one could be allowed to take the examination.

This task led me back again to the problem of the Gospels and the life of Jesus. From my study of all the historical and doctrinal views about the Last Supper to which I was com-

fact that according to the accounts of the Supper in Matthew and Mark Jesus did not charge the disciples to repeat the meal, so that we must familiarize ourselves as well as we can with the thought that the repetition of the festal meal in the primitive community goes back only to the disciples and not to Jesus Himself. This thought, which is thrown out by Schleier-

If, I said to myself, the command to repeat the meal is absent from the two oldest Gospels, that means that the disciples did in fact repeat it, with the body of believers, on their own initiative and authority. That, however, they could only do if there was something in the essence of this last meal which made it significant apart from the words

connected with the expectation of the Messianic feast to be celebrated in the Kingdom of God, which was to appear almost immediately.

2. Paris and Berlin

1898 - 1899

ON May 6th, 1898, I passed the first theological examination, the so-called Government test, and then spent the whole of the summer in Strasbourg, to devote myself entirely to philosophy. During this time I lived in the house in the Old Fish

acquired as a former theologian. He had been through the Theological College at Tübingen.

As a result of my examination, supported by Holtzmann's application, I was given the Goll scholarship which was administered by the St. Thomas' Chapter and the Theological Faculty jointly. Its value was £60 (1,200 marks) a year it was awarded each time for six years. The scholar was an obligation either to take, within six years at the long

degree of Licentiate in Theology at Strasbourg, or to repay the money he had received.

At the advice of Theobald Ziegler, I determined that I would take in hand next the dissertation for the degree of Doctor in Philosophy. At the end of the term he suggested to
 the of the build-
 e Reli-
 tly at-
 o Paris
 to study philosophy at the Sorbonne, and to improve my organ playing under Widor.

I did not attend many lectures in Paris. To begin with, the unceremonious way in which the matriculation ceremony was conducted, put me out of tune. The antiquated method of instruction, which made it impossible for the faculty, though outstanding in quality, to give out its best, also contributed its share toward making the Sorbonne distasteful to me. There were here no comprehensive courses of four or five lectures, such as I had been accustomed to at Strasbourg. Either the professors gave lectures which bore solely on the examination , or they lectured on special subjects.

At the Protestant Theological Faculty (in the Boulevard Arago) I sometimes heard lectures on doctrine by Louis Auguste Sabatier, and others by the New Testament scholar, Louis Eugène Ménégoz. I felt great esteem for them both.

But on the whole this winter in Paris was devoted to music and to my dissertation for the Doctorate.

Under Widor—who now gave me lessons gratuitously—I worked at the organ, and under J. Philipp, who a little later became a teacher at the Conservatoire, at the piano. At the same time I was a pupil of Franz Liszt's talented pupil and friend, Marie Jaell-Trautmann, an Alsatian by birth. She had already retired from the concert-hall life in which she had for a short time shone as a star of the first magnitude, and she now lived for the study of Touch in piano playing, to which she

The finger—that is her theory—must be as fully conscious as possible of its relation to the keys. The player must be alive to and able to control all tensing or relaxing of the muscles from the shoulder down to the finger tips.

He must learn to prevent all involuntary and all unconscious movements. Finger exercises which aim merely at rapidity must be renounced. The finger must always form for itself an idea not only of the movement intended, but of the kind of tone it desires. A resonant touch is realized by the quickest and lightest possible depression of the keys. But the finger must also be conscious of the way in which it lets the depressed key rise again. In the depression and releasing of the keys the finger finds itself in an imperceptibly rolling movement, either inwards (toward the thumb) or outwards (toward the little finger). When several keys are depressed one after another with movements rolling in the same direction the corresponding tones and chords are organically united.

Thus mere succession rises into inward relationship. Tones produced by movements which roll in different directions keep apart according to their nature. It is, then, from consciously differentiated movements of the fingers and the hand that there come at the same time tonal light and shade, and suitable phrasing.

To secure an ever more conscious and ever closer rela-

developed to its limit, maintaining that by correct training of the hand unmusical people could become musical. Start-

researches deserved.

Under Marie Jaëll's guidance I completely altered my hand. I owe it to her that by well-directed practice taking but little time I became more and more completely master of my fingers with great benefit to my organ playing.¹

¹ The fundamental ideas of her method Marie Jaëll has developed in the first volume of her work, *Touch*, which she wrote in French. In the publication by Breitkopf and Hartel of this edition I had a share as the anonymous translator.

The instruction I got from Philipp, which moved more along the traditional paths of piano pedagogy, was also extraordinarily valuable, and protected me from what was one-sided in the Jaell method. As my two teachers had a poor opinion of each other, I had to keep each from knowing that I was a pupil of the other. What trouble it cost me to play with Marie Jaell in the morning *à la Jaell* and with Philipp in the afternoon *à la Philipp*!

With Philipp I am still—Marie Jaell died in 1925—united in a firm bond of friendship, as I am also with Widor, and the latter I have to thank for my introduction to a number of interesting and important personages in the Paris of that day. He was also concerned for my material welfare. Many a time, if he got the impression that owing to concern about the slenderness of my purse I had not allowed myself enough to eat, he took me with him after my lesson to his regular haunt, the Restaurant Foyot near the Luxembourg, that I might once more, at any rate, eat my fill!

My father's two brothers who had settled in Paris, and their wives, were also very good to me. Through the younger one, Charles, who as a linguist had made a name for himself by his efforts to improve the teaching of modern languages, I got into touch with people of the university and of the educational world. And thus I was able to feel myself quite at home in Paris.

My thesis for the doctorate suffered in no way through the demands made on me, either by my art or by society, for my good health allowed me to be prodigal with night work. It happened sometimes that I played to Widor in the morning without having been to bed at all.

To investigate the literature about Kant's philosophy of religion in the Bibliothèque Nationale proved to be impracticable on account of the cumbersome regulations of the reading room. I therefore resolved without more ado to write the thesis without troubling about the literature, and to see what results I could get by burying myself in the Kantian writings themselves.

Studying them thus I was struck by variations in the use

the simpler *übersinnlich* ("supersensible") I thereupon tracked through the whole series of his writings the words which play a part in the expression of his religious philosophy to find out how often each is used, and any variation

adopted for a religio-philosophical Introduction to the *Critique of Pure Reason*, although it is not really in harmony with it. This earlier, pre-critical work I designated "A Sketch of the Philosophy of Religion."

A further discovery was that Kant never carried out at all the religio-philosophical scheme of transcendental dialectic as given in the *Critique of Pure Reason*. The religious philosophy which is developed in the *Critique of*

path taken in the Sketch of the Philosophy of Religion.

Kant's Philosophy of Religion, then, which everybody

he does not keep to the idea of the moral law as presupposed in the transcendental dialectic of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, but continually deepens it. This deepened conception of the moral law, however, raises religious demands which go beyond what can be conceded by critical

Wilhelm Memorial Church, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from Widor, allowed me to play regularly upon his organ, and engaged me as his deputy when he went away on holiday. Through him I made the acquaintance of some of the musicians, painters, and sculptors of Berlin.

The academic world I got to know at the house of the widow of Ernst Curtius, the well-known Hellenist, who received me with great friendliness as an acquaintance of her stepson, the district superintendent of Colmar. There I often met Hermann Grimm, who did all he possibly could to convert me from the heresy that the representation given by the Fourth Gospel is not reconcilable with that of the first three. I still today look back upon it as a great piece of good fortune, that I could at that house come into direct contact with the leaders of the intellectual life of the Berlin of that day.

The intellectual life of Berlin made a much greater impression on me than did that of Paris. In Paris, the world city, the intellectual life was split up. One had to get thoroughly acclimatized before it was possible to reckon up the values existing in it. The intellectual life of Berlin, on the other hand,

consciousness and of confident faith in the leaders of its destinies, such as were not to be found in contemporary Paris, which was then torn by the Dreyfus Case. Thus I came to know Berlin at the finest period of its existence, and to love it. I was specially impressed by the simple mode of life of Berlin society, and the ease with which one got admittance to its family life.

3. The First Years of Activity in Strasbourg

clerics, I passed, but only just passed, on July 15th, 1900. Being fully occupied with the dissertation for the Licentiate I had omitted to refresh my memory as I should have done in the various branches of theology which this examination demanded. It was only through the energetic intervention of old Pfarrer Will, whom I had delighted by my knowledge of the history of dogma, that I did not get failed. It told especially against me that I did not know enough about the hymn writers and their lives. My many misfortunes came to a head when I tried to excuse my ignorance as to the authorship of one particular hymn—it was by Spitta, the famous poet of *Psalter and Harp*—by saying I thought the hymn too insignificant for me to notice who had composed it. I was really an admirer of Spitta's, but proffered this excuse, to the horror of all, in the presence of Professor Friedrich Spitta, the poet's son, who was sitting among the examiners as representative of the Faculty of Theology.

The staff at St. Nicholas' consisted of two elderly, but still vigorous ministers, Mr. Knittel, one of the predecessors of my father at Günsbach, and Mr. Gerold, an intimate friend of one of my mother's brothers, who had been incumbent of St. Nicholas', but had died young. To these two men I was given as an assistant, chiefly that I might relieve them of the afternoon service, the Sunday children's service, and the Confirmation classes. The activities thus allotted to me were a constant source of joy. At the afternoon service with only a small group of worshipers present I could use the intimate style of preaching which I had inherited from my father and express myself better than I could at the morning service. Even today I am never quite free from shyness before a large audience. As the years passed the two old gentlemen had to spare themselves more and more, and it frequently fell to my lot, of course, to preach in the morning as well. I used to write my sermons out in full, often making two or three drafts before beginning the fair copy. When delivering the

My afternoon sessions, which I looked upon as simple devotional exercises rather than sermons, were so short that on one occasion certain circles of the congregation lodged a complaint against me on the subject before Mr. Knittel, who held also the office of "Inspector in Spiritual Matters," and he had to cite me before him. But when I appeared he was as

but it sufficed for my needs, as my board and lodging at the St. Thomas' Hostel was very cheap.

One great advantage of my position there was that it left me plenty of time for scientific work and for music. The readiness of the two pastors to meet my wishes made it possible for me in the spring and autumn holidays, when there were no Confirmation classes, to be free to go away if I provided a substitute to do my preaching—so far as they did not, in their goodness, undertake it themselves. Thus I had three months in the year free: one at Easter and two in the autumn. The spring holiday I generally spent in Paris, as the guest of my father's eldest brother, so as to continue my studies with Widor. The autumn one I spent for the most part in the old home at Gunsbach.

By these frequent periods of residence in Paris I made many valuable acquaintances. Romain Rolland I met for the first time about 1905, and at first we were to each other merely musicians. Gradually, however, we both discovered that we were men too, and we became good friends.

My relations were very cordial too with Henri Lichtenberger, the delicate but appreciative critic of German literature.

I shall never forget a chance encounter which I had one delightful spring morning at the beginning of the century in the narrow Rue Saint-Jacques. As I had let myself get late for an appointment, I had had to take a cab. At a certain street crossing the two rows of vehicles had to remain stationary side by side for some time, and I was struck by the head of the occupant of the open carriage alongside mine. The first thing was that the elegant tall hat—at that time the

untamed primitive human nature, or features expressing such reckless and remorseless will power I had never seen in any

woman, who was unique in her artistic ability and queenly bearing.

In Siegfried Wagner I valued the simplicity and the modesty which characterized this man, who was in many respects so outstandingly gifted. No one who saw him at work in Bayreuth could help admiring him, both for what he did and for the way in which he did it. His music too contains much that is really significant and beautiful.

4. Study of the Last Supper and the Life of Jesus 1900 - 1902

WHEN, after finishing my work on Kant, I returned to theology, the most obvious thing to do was to put together my studies on the problems of the life of Jesus which had occupied me since my first year at the university, and to work them up into a dissertation for my Licentiate examination. But my study of the Last Supper had widened my outlook and my interest. From the field of the problems of the life of Jesus I had stepped straightway into the problems of primitive Christianity. The problem of the Last Supper belongs to both fields. It stands at the central point in the development of the faith of Jesus into the faith of primitive Christianity.

and the faith of primitive Christianity, because we never start our examination of them from the problems of the Last Supper and Baptism.

Guided by these considerations, I formed the plan of writing a history of the Last Supper in connection with the life of Jesus and the history of primitive Christianity. A preliminary investigation was to define my attitude in regard to previous research into the question of the Last Supper, and throw upon the problem as a whole. A second section would give a picture of the thought and activities of Jesus as a

understanding the Supper which He celebrated with His disciples. A third was to treat of the Supper in the Primitive Church and in the two first centuries of Christianity.

With my work on the problem of the Last Supper I obtained on July 21st, 1900, the degree of Licentiate in Theology.¹ The second, which treated of the Secret of the Messiahship and the Passion, served to procure me in 1902 the position of *Privat-dozent* at the University.²

The study I had in view as a third volume on the development of the Last Supper in the primitive and later periods was indeed completed and delivered in lectures, as was also the companion study on the history of Baptism in the New Testament and in primitive Christianity. Neither work was printed, however, because *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*,³ which was at first intended only for a supplement to the Sketch of His Life, but which grew finally into a bulky volume, came in between and prevented me from getting them ready for the press. Then came a new intermezzo, viz., the book on Bach, which also was originally conceived as merely an essay; and after that came the study of medicine. Then, when near the conclusion of my medical studies, I could once more find time for theology, it seemed to me to be plainly indicated that I should produce a history of scientific research into the thought world of St. Paul, to be a companion volume to *The Quest of the Historical Jesus* and an introduction to an exposition of Pauline doctrine. On the strength of my newly won comprehension of the teaching of Jesus and Paul, I meant next, while I was resting after a first period of work in Africa which was intended to last for eighteen months or two years, to bring into its final form a history of the origin and early Christian development of the Last Supper and Baptism. This plan was ruined by the war, which only let me return to Europe after

A. & C. Black, 1925).

³ *The Quest of the Historical Jesus. A Critical Study of its Progress from Reimarus to Wrede*. Translated by W. Montgomery. Introduction by F. C. Burkitt. (London, A. & C. Black, 1910).

four and a half years of absence instead of two, in bad health moreover, and deprived of my means of existence.

Meanwhile, too—a fresh intermezzo!—I had begun some work on the Philosophy of Civilization! Consequently the *History of the Last Supper and Baptism in the Early Christian Period* has remained in the condition of manuscript for lectures. Whether I shall still find time and strength to complete it for the press, I know not. The thoughts which underlie it are put forward in my book, *The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle*.

In my work on the problem of the Last Supper I go through the various solutions which have been offered by scientific theology up to the end of the nineteenth century. At the same time I attempt to reveal its essential character dialectically. The result is to show that all attempted solutions are impossible which explain the early Christian celebration as a distribution of bread and wine which, by the repetition of the words of Jesus about bread and wine as His body and His blood, had come, somehow or other, themselves also to signify body and blood.

The celebration as practiced in early Christendom was something other than a sacramental repetition or a symbolical representation of the atoning death of Jesus. This interpretation was first given to the repetition of the last meal of Jesus with His disciples in the Catholic sacrifice of the Mass and in the Protestant celebration of the Last Supper, as a reminder of the forgiveness of sins.

The first words of Jesus about bread and wine as

Thus we get also an explanation of the fact that the celebration of the Supper in the earliest period is designated "Eucharist," that is, a "Thanksgiving," and that it was celebrated once a year in the evening of Maundy but in the early hours of every Sunday as the

and to the Book of Daniel, a book which came into existence about 165 B.C. What this expectation was we know from the Book of Enoch (*circa* 100 B.C.), the Psalms of Solomon (63 B.C.), and the Apocalypses of Baruch and Ezra (*circa* A.D. 80). Like his contemporaries he identifies the Messiah with the "Son of Man," who is spoken of in the Book of Daniel, and speaks of His coming on the clouds of heaven. The Kingdom of God which he preaches

tribes of Israel.

Jesus accepts, then, as true the late Jewish Messianic expectation in all its externality. In no way does He attempt to spiritualize it. But He fills it with His own powerful ethical spirit, in that, passing beyond the Law and the

the coming Kingdom. Marked out for blessedness, according to Him, are the spiritually poor, the merciful, the peacemakers, the pure in heart, those who hunger and thirst after the righteousness of the Kingdom, the mourners, those who suffer persecution for the Kingdom of God's sake, those who become as little children.

The error of research hitherto is that it attributes to Jesus a spiritualizing of the late Jewish Messianic Expectation, whereas in reality He simply fits into it the ethical religion of love. Our minds refuse at first to grasp that a religiousness and an ethic so deep and spiritual can be combined with other views of such a naive realism. But the combination is a fact.

but in the Temple at Jerusalem He is surrounded by an

For Himself and those who with Him look for the speedy

the late Jewish teaching about events in the Times of the End, all those who are called to the Messianic Kingdom will for a certain length of time immediately before its manifestation be at the mercy of the God-opposing world powers.

At some point of time—whether it was weeks or months after His entry on His public life, we do not know—Jesus feels certain that the hour for the manifestation of the Kingdom has come. He hastily sends out His disciples two and two into the cities of Israel that they may spread the news.

other elect ones fierce persecution, yes, and perhaps death itself. He does not expect to see them return, but assures them that the "Coming of the Son of Man" (which is ex-

return without having suffered any persecution whatever.

thereby saved them from the necessity of going through and pre-Messianic Tribulation.

By the word "temptation" Jesus does not mean a visual temptation to sin, but the persecution which with God's sanction will in the Times of the End be brought upon believers by the "Evil One," that means, by the representative of the powers hostile to God.

The idea then with which Jesus meets death is that God

In some way or other the resolution of Jesus to suffer an atoning death is based upon the passages in Isaiah about the Servant of Jehovah (Isa. liii) Who suffers for the sins of others without the latter being able to explain the meaning of what He endures. The original reference of these passages, which belong to the period of the Exile, was to what the people of Israel, during their banishment, suffered as the Servant of God among the surrounding nations, in order that these nations might through them come to the knowledge of God.

The need for suffering and death is based upon His

Kingdom of God will be that personality (*Mark viii. 27-33*). Then at Eastertide He goes up with the festival caravan of Galileans to Jerusalem. At present no one except the disciples knows Who He believes Himself to be. The rejoicing at His entry into Jerusalem is not for the Messiah, but for the prophet of Nazareth of the House of David. The treachery of Judas does not consist in betraying to the Sanhedrin where Jesus can be arrested, but in disclosing to that body the claim which He makes to the dignity of Messiah.

At the last meal which He takes with His disciples, He gives them to eat and to drink bread and wine which He has consecrated by prayers of thanksgiving, and declares that

onwards believers, as persons who carry within them the certain assurance that they are invited to the Messianic meal, gather together, in continuation of that Last Supper, for ceremonial meals at which over the food and drink

at most five or six months.

5. Teaching Activities at the University

The Quest of the Historical Jesus

ON March 1st, 1902, I delivered my inaugural lecture before the Theological Faculty at Strasbourg on the Logos doctrine in the Fourth Gospel.

I learned later that protests against my acceptance as a university lecturer had been lodged by two members of the faculty. They expressed disapproval of my method of historical investigation and a fear that I should confuse the students with my views. They were impotent, however, in face of the authority of Holtzmann, who took my part.

In my inaugural lecture I took as my subject my discovery that the obscure passages in the discourses of the Johannine Christ hang together, and are not intelligible till one grasps them as being prepared for His hearers from the Logos,

from the assumption that He shared the eschatological expectations about a Messiah which were held by his contemporaries. The treatise was first published by Lessing after his death without the author's name. William Wrede (1859-1907), Professor of Theology at Breslau, in his treatise *The Messianic Secret in the Gospels*, made the first thoroughgoing attempt on a bold scale to deny that Jesus entertained any eschatological ideas at all, and found himself thereby compelled, for the sake of consistency, to go on to the further assertion that Jesus did not regard Himself as the Messiah, but was only made that after His death by the disciples. Since these two names indicate the two poles between which the investigation moves, it was from them that I made up the title of my book.

When I began to write the "Lives" of Jesus, after attending to the "Lives" in the sketch, but for each chapter I had planned a place of its own in a corner or between the pieces of furniture, and then, after thorough consideration, heaped up the volumes in the piles to which they belonged, pledging myself to find room for all the books belonging to each pile, and to leave each heap undisturbed in its own place, till the corresponding chapter in the Sketch should be finished. And I carried out my plan to the very end. For many a month all the people who visited me had to thread their way across the room along paths which ran between heaps of books. I had also to fight hard to ensure that the tidying zeal of the trusty Württemberg widow who kept house for me came to a halt before the piles of books.

The earliest representatives of the historical science which

thoroughly revised, and enlarged to 642 pages, in 1913. It was reprinted a second time (*vierte Auflage*) in 1926. It is called *Geschichte der Leben-Jesu-Forschung*, i.e., *History of Research into the Life of Jesus*.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.)

as the sources to which we must go back for information about Him. It was only recognized gradually that Jesus' consciousness of His divine mission could not be established as correct in face of the critical and historical treatment of the events which make up His life, and of the ideas which He preached.

The "Lives" of Jesus of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries depict Him as the great enlightener Whose

cial endeavor to explain all the miracles of Jesus as natural events misunderstood by the multitude, and thus they try to put an end to all belief in the miraculous. The most famous of these rationalistic "Lives" of Jesus is that of Karl Heinrich Venturini. *A Non-supernatural History of the Great Prophet of Nazareth*, which in the years 1800-1802 appeared anonymously in German at "Bethlehem" (in reality

my notice at all

Research first reaches a fairway of real history through the channel of a critical scrutiny of the Gospels so as to determine the historical value of their narratives. Its work, which began with the nineteenth century and was continued for several decades, brought it to the following results: that the picture given by the Gospel of John is irreconcilable with that of the other three, that these three are the older, and therefore the more credible sources, that the matter which they contain in common with one another is given in its earliest form by the Gospel of Mark, and, finally, that Luke's Gospel is considerably later than those of Mark and Matthew.

Research into the life of Jesus is brought into sore straits by David Friedrich Strauss (1808-1874), who in his *Life*, published in 1835, accepts as historic only a small portion of what the two oldest Gospels report about Jesus. The greater part of it he considers to be narratives of a mythical character which came into existence gradually in primitive Christendom and, in the main, go back to themes which are provided by the stories of miracles, and the passages about the Messiah, in the Old Testament. If Strauss comes finally to such a serious calling in question of the credibility of the

that is not because he is by nature a

From the middle of the nineteenth century onwards there is gradually built up the modern historical view that Jesus attempted to spiritualize the realistic Messianic hopes of His time. He came forward as a spiritual God; and stand Him, deserted Him, He came to the resolution to die for His cause, and in that way to carry it to victory. Of the de-

But as early as 1860 separate investigations into the problems of the life of Jesus began to make it clear that the view which represents Him as trying to spiritualize the eschatological, Messianic expectations of His time, cannot be sustained, because in a series of passages He speaks in a

daism. Faced by these alternatives, research decides as usual

that it prefers to doubt to some extent the possibility of a

niques de son temps, 1864) and Gustave Volkmar (*Jesus Nazarenus*, 1882), to establish this distinction between genuine "spiritual Messianic" and spurious "eschatological Messianic" pronouncements, it becomes clear that it must go on to deny that Jesus ever believed Himself to be the Messiah at all. For the passages in which He entrusts to His disciples the secret that He is the Messiah are, one and all, "Eschatological Messianic," in that He, according to them, holds Himself to be the person who at the end of the world will appear as the Son of Man.

The question whether Jesus thought eschatologically or not resolves itself, therefore, into the one point, whether He held Himself to be the Messiah, or not. Anyone who admits that He did so must also admit that His ideas and expectations were of the eschatological type of late Judaism. Any one who refuses to recognize this element in His thought must also refuse to attribute to Him any consciousness of being the Messiah.

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Jesus appeared in public simply as a teacher, and only after His death, that is in the imagination of His followers, became Messiah. Into the original tradition about the appearance in public and the activity of "Jesus the Teacher," this later view, says Wrede, was incorporated in such a way as to represent Him as not confessing His Messiahship, but keeping it to Himself as a secret. Naturally Wrede does not succeed in making this imaginary literary procedure even faintly intelligible.

To doubt the eschatological, Messianic statements of Jesus leads, then, with inexorable logic to the conclusion that there is nothing in the two oldest Gospels which can be accepted as historical beyond a few quite general reports about the teaching activities of a certain Jesus of Nazareth. Rather than become the prey of such radicalism as that research resigns itself after all to the necessity of recognizing eschatological Messianic ideas in Jesus. So toward the end of the century the view which sees an eschatological character in the

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reality, however, it has to go even further than he, for he comes to a stop halfway. He makes Jesus think and talk

actions not by means of considerations drawn from ordinary psychology, but solely by motives provided by His eschatological expectations. This consistently eschatological solution of the problems of the life of Jesus I work out in detail in *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, after having

After the appearance of my *Quest of the Historical Jesus* a friendly exchange of letters began between William Wrede and myself. It moved me deeply to learn from him that he suffered from an incurable heart complaint and might expect death at any moment. "Subjectively I am tolerably well; objectively my condition is hopeless"; so he writes in one of the last letters I received from him. I was weighed down by the thought that I could work on without intermission, undisturbed by trouble about my health, while he had to give up work in the best period of a man's life. The recognition expressed in my work of the value of his investigations did something to compensate him for the hostility provoked by his fearless labor in the cause of truth. He died in 1907.

To my astonishment my work at once met

in England. The first to make my views known there was Professor William Sanday of Oxford, in lectures which he delivered on the problems of the life of Jesus. His pressing invitation to visit him I unfortunately could not accept, because I could not spare the time. I was already studying medicine, and just at that time, in addition to the preparation of my theological lectures, was at work on the German edition of my book on Bach, which had been written in French. Thus I missed a second opportunity of becoming acquainted with England.

In Cambridge, Professor Francis Crawford Burkitt championed my work, and secured its appearance in English. The excellent translation was made by his pupil, Mr. W. Montgomery. Out of my theological relations with these two men

stood For the Catholic trend of his mind the modernized portrait of Jesus represented by liberal Protestant research had no attractions. That it was shown to be unhistorical by criticism which actually emanated from the circles of that liberal investigation, was a great satisfaction to him, and to him to clear the road before his Catholic type of

My work also had significance for George Tyrell. Without the scientific establishment, which he found in it, of the view that the thought and the actions of Jesus were conditioned by eschatology, he would not have been able in his *Christianity at the Cross-Roads* to portray Jesus so decisively as the ethical Apocalypticist who by his very nature was not Protestant but Catholic.

6. The Historical Jesus and the Christianity of Today

AS my two books on the life of Jesus gradually became known, the question was put to me from all sides, what the eschatological Jesus, who lives expecting the end of the world and a supernatural Kingdom of God, can be to us. My own

thoughts were continually busy with it while at work on my books. The satisfaction which I could not help feeling at having solved so many historical riddles about the existence of Jesus, was accompanied by the painful consciousness that this new knowledge in the realm of history would mean unrest and difficulty for Christian piety. I comforted myself, how-

ever. Truth is under all circumstances more valuable than nontruth, and this must apply to truth in the realm of history as to other kinds of truth. Even if it comes in a guise which piety finds strange and at first makes difficulties for her, the final result can never mean injury, it can only mean greater depth. Religion has, therefore, no reason for trying to avoid coming to terms with historical truth.

How strong would Christian truth now stand in the world of today, if its relation to the truth in history were in every respect what it should be! Instead of allowing this truth its rights, piety treated it, whenever it caused her embarrassment, in various ways, conscious or unconscious, but always by either evading, or twisting, or suppressing it. Instead of admit-

struggles are now required to make possible that coming to terms with historical truth which has been so often missed in the past.

In what a condition we find ourselves today merely because in the earliest Christian period writings were allowed to appear, bearing quite falsely the names of apostles, in order to give greater authority to the ideas put forth in them! They have been for generations of Christians a source of painful dissension. On one side stand those who in face of the abundance of material for judgment, cannot exclude the possibility of there being in the New Testament writings which, in spite of their valuable contents that we have learned to love, are not authentic: on the other are those who, to save the

only followed the custom which was universal in antiquity

against which no further objection was raised, of maintaining that writings which were said to express the ideas of any particular person were really written by him.

Because, while I was busied with the history of earlier Christianity, I had so often to deal with the results of its sins against the truth in history, I have become a keen worker for honesty in our Christianity of today.

The ideal would be that Jesus should have preached religious truth in a form independent of any connection with any particular period and such that it could be taken over simply and easily by each succeeding generation of men. That, however, He did not do, and there is no doubt a reason for it.

And so we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that Jesus' religion of love made its appearance as part of a system of thought that anticipated a speedy end of the world. We cannot make it our own through the concepts in which he proclaimed it but must rather translate it into those of our modern view of the world.

Hitherto we have been doing this ingenuously and covertly. In defiance of what the words of the text said we managed to interpret the teaching of Jesus as if it were in agreement with our own view of the world. Now, however, it must be clear to us that we can only harmonize these two things by an act, for which we claim the right of necessity.

We are obliged, that is, to admit the evident fact that religious truth varies from age to age.

How is this to be understood? So far as its essential spiritual and ethical nature is concerned, religious truth is eternal. Its variations belong to the ideas belonging to the religion of love which made its first appearance in the world.

Nevertheless, it remains through the centuries what it is essentially. Whether it is worked out in terms of one system of thought or another is of only relative importance. What is decisive is the amount of influence over mankind won by the spiritual and ethical truth which it has held from the very first.

come into existence by the power of the spirit of Jesus work-

ing in our hearts and in the world. The one important thing is that we shall be as thoroughly dominated by the idea of the Kingdom, as Jesus required His followers to be

The mighty thought underlying the Beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount, that we come to know God and belong to Him through love, Jesus introduces into the late Jewish, Messianic expectation, without being in any way concerned to spiritualize those realistic ideas of the Kingdom of God and of blessedness. But the spirituality which lies in this religion of love must gradually, like a refiner's fire, seize upon all ideas which come into communication with it. Thus it is the destiny of Christianity to develop through a constant process of spiritualization

Jesus never undertakes to expound the late Jewish dogmas of the Messiah and the Kingdom. His concern is, not how believers ought to picture things but that love, without which no one can belong to God, and attain to membership of the Kingdom, shall be powerful within it. The subject of all His preaching is love, and, more generally, the preparation of the heart for the Kingdom of God.

His religion of love was conditioned by Time.

The late Jewish view of the world, centered in the expectation of the Messiah, is the crater from which the flame of the eternal religion of love bursts forth

To let the historical Jesus Himself be the speaker when the Christian message is delivered to the men and women of our time does not mean that the preacher will expound again and again the meaning which the passage taken for his text had in the system of thought based upon the coming of the Messiah and the end of the world. It suffices if they have come to accept as a matter of course the fact that Jesus lived in expectation of the end of the world and of a Kingdom of God which would be manifested supernaturally. But whoever preaches to them the Gospel of Jesus must settle for himself what the original meaning of His sayings was, and work his way up through the historical truth to the eternal. During this process he will again and again have opportunity to notice that it is with this new beginning that he first truly realizes all that Jesus has to say to us!

How many ministers of religion have confirmed my sense that the Jesus who is known historically, although

less He comes to us, just as on the shore of the lake He approached those men who knew not who He was. His words are the same: 'Follow thou Me' and He puts us to the tasks which He has to carry out in our age. He commands. And to those who obey, He shows us as simple. He will reveal Himself to us in His experience in His life and suffering, till we know Him as He is. . . . Who He is. . . ."

Many people are shocked on learning that the historical Jesus must be accepted as "capable of error" because the supernatural Kingdom of God, the manifestation of which He announced as imminent, did not appear.

What can we do in face of what stands clearly recorded in the Gospels with sayings . . .

knowledge about the events of world history and matters of ordinary life. Its province lies on a quite different level from the latter's, and it is quite independent of it.

The historical Jesus moves us deeply by His subordination to God. In this He stands out as greater than the Christ personality of dogma which, in compliance with the claims of Greek metaphysics, is conceived as omniscient and incapable of error.

The demonstration of the fact that the teaching of Jesus was conditioned by eschatology was at once a heavy blow for liberal Protestantism. For generations the latter had busied itself investigating the life of Jesus in the conviction that all

adopt as its own Jesus' religion of a Kingdom of God founded on earth. It was not long, however, before it had to admit that this description was true, only for the teaching

Jesus as it had been unconsciously modernized by itself, and not of the really historical teaching of Jesus. I myself have suffered in this matter, by having had to join in the work of destroying the portrait of Christ on which liberal Christianity based its appeal. At the same time I was convinced that this liberal Christianity was not reduced to living on an historical illusion, but could equally appeal to the Jesus of history, and further that it carried its justification in itself.

For even if that liberal Christianity has to give up identifying its belief with the teachings of Jesus in the way it used to think possible, it still has the spirit of Jesus not against it but on its side. Jesus no doubt fits His teaching into the late Jewish Messianic dogma. But He does not think dogmatically. He formulates no doctrine. He is far from judging any man's belief by reference to any standard of dogmatic correctness. Nowhere does He demand of His hearers that they shall sacrifice thinking to believing. Quite the contrary! He bids them meditate upon religion. In the Sermon on the Mount He lets ethics, as the essence of religion, flood their hearts, leading them to judge the value of piety by what it makes of a man from the ethical point of view. Within the Messianic hopes which His hearers carry in their hearts, He kindles the fire of an ethical faith. Thus the Sermon on the Mount becomes the incontestable charter of liberal Christianity. The truth that the ethical is the essence of religion is firmly established on the authority of Jesus.

Further than this, the religion of love taught by Jesus has been freed from any dogmatism which clung to it by the disappearance of the late Jewish expectation of the immediate end of the world. The mold in which the casting was made has been broken. We are now at liberty to let the religion of Jesus become a living force in our thought, as its purely spiritual and ethical nature demands. We know how much that is precious exists within the ecclesiastical Christianity which has been handed down in Greek dogmas and kept alive by the piety of so many centuries, and we hold fast to the Church with love, and reverence, and thankfulness. But we belong to her as men who appeal to the saying of St. Paul: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and who believe that they serve Christianity better by the strength of their devotion to Jesus' religion of love than by acquiescence in all the articles of belief. If the Church has the spirit of Jesus, there is room in her for every form of Christian piety, even for that which claims unrestricted liberty.

I find it no light task to follow my vocation, to put pressure on the Christian Faith to reconcile itself in all sincerity with historical truth. But I have devoted myself to it with joy, because I am certain that truthfulness in all things belongs to the spirit of Jesus.

7. The Bach Book—French and German Editions

WHILE busy with the *Quest of the Historical Jesus* I finished a book, written in French, on J. S. Bach Widor, with whom I used to spend several weeks in Paris every spring, and frequently in the autumn too, had complained to me that there existed in French only biographical books about him, but none that provided any introduction to his art. I had to promise him that I would spend the autumn vacation of 1902 in writing an essay on the nature of Bach's art for the students of the Paris Conservatoire.

This was a task that attracted me because it gave me an opportunity of expressing thoughts at which I had arrived in the course of the close study of Bach, both theoretical and practical, entailed on me by my post as organist to the Bach choir at St. Wilhelm's.

At the end of the vacation I had, in spite of the most strenuous work, not got further than the preliminary studies for the treatise. It had also become clear that this would expand into a book on Bach. With good courage I resigned myself to my fate.

In 1903 and 1904 I devoted all my spare time to Bach, my work being lightened by my becoming possessed of the complete edition of his works, which was at that time very rarely in the market and then only at a very high price. I was thus no longer under the necessity of studying the scores in the university library, a restriction which had been a great hindrance to me, since I could find hardly any time for Bach except at night. I happened to learn at a music shop in Strasbourg that a lady in Paris who had been a subscriber to the complete edition in order to support the enterprise of the Bach Society, now wanted to get rid of the long row of big gray volumes which took up so much space on her book-

shelves. Pleased at being able to give somebody pleasure with them, she let me have them for the ridiculously small sum of £10. This piece of good fortune I took as a good omen for the success of my work.

It was, in truth, a very rash undertaking on my part to start writing a book on Bach. Although I had, thanks to extensive reading, some knowledge of musical history and theory, I had not studied music as one studies for a profession. However, my design was not to produce new historical material about Bach and his time. As a musician I wanted to talk to other musicians about Bach's music. The main subject of my work, therefore, should be, so I resolved, what in most books hitherto had been much too slightly treated, namely an explanation of the real nature of Bach's music, and a discussion of the correct method of rendering it. My work accordingly sets forth what is biographical and historical as introductory rather than as the main subject.

If the difficulties in such a subject made me fear that I had ventured on a task beyond my powers, I consoled myself with the thought that I was not writing for Germany, the home of Bach scholarship, but for France, where the art of the precentor of St. Thomas' was still practically unknown.

That I wrote the book in French at a time when I was also lecturing and preaching in German was an effort for me. It is true that ever since my childhood I have spoken French as freely as German, but I never feel French to be my mother tongue, although in my letters to my parents I always used French, because that was customary in the family. German is my mother tongue, because the Alsatian dialect, which is my native language, is Germanic.

My own experience makes me think it only self-deception if any believes that he has two mother tongues. He may think that he is equally master of each, yet it is invariably the case that he actually thinks only in one, and is only in that one really free and creative. If anyone assures me that he has two languages, each as thoroughly familiar to him as the other, I immediately ask him in which of them he counts and reckons, in which he can best give me the names of kitchen utensils and tools used by carpenter or smith, and in which of them he dreams. I have not yet come across anyone who, when thus tested, had not to admit that one of the languages occupied only a second place.

I profited much in my work on Bach by the remarks made to me on the style of my manuscript by Hubert Gillot, at that

time a lecturer in French in Strasbourg University. He tried with special emphasis to impress upon me that the French sentence needs rhythm in far stronger measure than does the German.

The difference between the two languages, as I feel it, I can best describe by saying that in French I seem to be stroll-

which it has kept in touch. French has lost this ever fresh contact with the soil. It is rooted in its literature, becoming thereby, in the favorable, as in the unfavorable sense of the word, something finished, while German in the same sense remains something unfinished. The perfection of French consists in being able to express a thought in the clearest and most concise way; that of German in being able to present it in its manifold aspects. As the greatest linguistic creation in French I count Rousseau's *Contrat Social*. What is nearest perfection in German I see in Luther's translation of the Bible and Nietzsche's *Jenseits von Gut und Böse* ("Beyond Good and Evil").

Always accustomed in French to be careful about the

French *Bach* it became clear to me what literary style corresponded to my nature.

Like everyone who writes about art, I had to wrestle with the difficulty of giving expression in words to artistic judgments and impressions. All utterances about art are, indeed, a kind of speaking in parables.

In the autumn of 1904 I was able to announce to Widor, who had spurred me on again and again with letters and was now at Venice, where he was spending his holiday, that the undertaking was now so far advanced that he must start upon the preface which he had promised me. This he did at once.

works in their completeness had been gradually getting better known, thanks to the edition produced by the Bach Society in the middle of the nineteenth century, was claimed by them on these principles, and Mozart as well, for this classical art of theirs, and they played him off against Wag-

the biographical—and is the first to do so—on a foundation of penetrating research into the sources.¹

As a contrast to the Bach of these guardians of the

He is even more tone painter than tone poet. His art is nearer to that of Berlioz than to that of Wagner. If the text speaks of drifting mists, of boisterous winds, of roaring rivers, of waves that ebb and flow, of leaves falling from the tree, of bells that ring for the dying, of the confident faith which walks with firm steps, or the weak faith that falters insecure, of the proud who will be abased, and the humble who will be exalted, of Satan rising in rebellion, of angels poised on the clouds of heaven, then one sees and hears all this in his music.

Bach has, in fact, at his disposal a language of sound. There are in his music constantly recurring rhythmical motives expressing peaceful blessedness, lively joy, intense pain, or pain sublimely borne.

The impulse to express poetic and pictorial plastic thoughts is of the essence of music. Music appeals to the

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mysterious faculty of rendering thoughts with a clearness and definiteness surpassing its own natural power of expression. In this respect Bach is the greatest among the great.

His music is poetic and pictorial because its themes born of poetic and pictorial ideas. Out of these themes composition unfolds itself, a finished piece of archi-

¹ The first volume appeared in 1873, the second in

in lines of sound. What is in its essence poetic and pictorial music displays itself as Gothic architecture transformed into sound. What is greatest in this art, so full of natural

own experience.

It follows from the nature of Bach's art that, in order to produce its effects, it must be presented to the bearer in living and perfected plasticity. But this principle, which is fundamental for its worthy rendering, has even today to struggle for recognition.

To begin with, it is a crime against the style of Bach's music that we perform it with huge orchestras and massed choirs. The Cantatas and the Passion music were written for choirs of twenty-five to thirty voices, and an orchestra of about the same number. Bach's orchestra does not accom-

ists. The wonderful interweaving of the voice parts must stand out, clear and distinct. For alto and soprano Bach did not use women's voices but boys' voices only, even for the solos. Choirs of male voices form an homogeneous whole. At the very least, then, women's voices should be supplemented with boys', but the ideal is that even the alto and soprano solos should be sung by boys.

Since Bach's music is architecture, the crescendos and decrescendos which in Beethoven's and post-Beethoven

the limits of these alternations of forte and piano that declamatory crescendos and diminuendos are admissible. If they obliterate the difference between forte and piano, they ruin the architecture of the composition.

Since a Bach fugue always begins and ends with a main theme it cannot tolerate any beginning and ending in piano.

Bach is played altogether too fast. Music which presupposes a visual comprehension of lines of sound advancing

side by side becomes for the listener a chaos, if a too rapid tempo makes this comprehension impossible.

Bach, curiously enough, was generally played staccato, players have since that date gone to the other extreme of rendering him with a monotonous legato. That is how I learned to play him from Widor in 1893. But as time went on, it occurred to me that Bach calls for phrasing which is full of life. He thinks as a violinist. His notes are to be connected with each other and at the same time separated from each other in the way which is natural to the bow of a violin. To play well one of Bach's piano compositions means to render it as it would be performed by a string quartette.

Correct phrasing is to be secured by correct accenting. Bach demands that the notes which are decisive for the style of the line of sound's advance shall be given their full importance by the accenting. It is characteristic of the structure of his periods that as a rule they do not start from an accent but strive to reach one. They are conceived as beginning with an upward beat. It must, further, be noticed

and those of the bars comes the extraordinary rhythmic vitality of Bach's music.

These are the external requirements for the rendering of Bach's music. But above and beyond them that music demands of us men and women that we attain a composure and an inwardness that will enable us to rouse to life something of the deep spirit which lies hidden within it.

The ideas which I put forward about the nature of Bach's music and the appropriate way of rendering it, found recognition because they appeared just at the right time. By the interest aroused on the publication toward the end of the last century of the complete edition of his works it was brought home to the musical world that Bach was something other than the representative of an academic and classic music. Over the traditional method of rendering it they were similarly at a loss, and now they began to seek for a

which concerned with Bach earned in men's minds. Thus I gained many a friend. With emotion I think of the many delightful letters which it brought me immediately after its appearance. Felix Mottl, the conductor, whom I admired from a distance, wrote to me from Leipzig, after reading the book right through without a break in the train and in his hotel while traveling to that town from Munich, where some friends had given him the book as reading matter for the journey. I met him soon after, and later enjoyed some happy hours with him on several occasions.

It was through this book that I became acquainted with Siegfried Ochs, the Berlin Bach conductor, and began with him a friendship which has grown continually closer.

It was because I had made her beloved Bach still dearer to her that Carmen Sylva wrote me a long letter which was followed by a whole series of others. The latest of them, directed to Africa, were in pencil and painfully committed to paper because her hand, which was tortured with rheumatism, was no longer equal to using the pen. I could not accept the Queen's frequently repeated invitation to spend part of my holidays with her under the single obligation of playing the piano to her for two hours daily, because in the last years before my departure for Africa I could not afford time for a holiday. And when I returned home she had gone over to the majority.

8. On Organs and Organ Building

AS a corollary to the book on Bach there appeared in the autumn of 1905, before I began my medical studies, an essay on organ building.

I inherited from my grandfather Schullinger an interest in organ building, which impelled me, while still a boy, to get to know all about the inside of an organ.

I was curiously affected by the organs which were built toward the end of the nineteenth century. Although they were lauded as miracles of advanced technical skill, I could find no pleasure in them. In the autumn of 1896, I made my way

home after my first visit to Bayreuth, via Stuttgart, in order to examine the new organ in the *Liederhalle* of that town, about which the newspapers had published enthusiastic reports. Herr Lang, the organist of the *Stiftskirche*, who both as musician and as man stood in the first rank, was kind enough to show it to me. When I heard the harsh tone of the much belauded instrument, and in the Bach fugue which Lang played to me perceived a chaos of sounds in which I could not distinguish the separate voices, my foreboding that the modern organ meant in that respect a step not forward but backward, suddenly became a certainty. In order to convince myself finally of this fact and to find the reasons for it, I used my free time in the next few years in getting to know as many organs, old and new, as possible. I also discussed the matter with all the organists and organ builders with whom I came in contact. As a rule I met with laughter and jeers for my opinion that the old organs sounded better than the new ones. The pamphlet, too, in which I undertook to preach the gospel of the old organ, was at first by only a few peo-

s after my
of Organ
ince.¹ I ac-

knowledge in it a preference for the French style of organ building as compared with the German, because in several respects it has remained faithful to the traditions of the art.

The action of an organ and the quality of its tone are determined by four factors: the pipes, the wind chest, the wind pressure, and the position it occupies in the building. The French organ builders, in contrast to the German, have paid more attention to the proportions and the position of the organ in the building. They have drawn from the history of ear-

¹ *Deutsche und französische Orgelbaukunst und Orgelkunst* (Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel, 1906), 31 pages. This essay appeared first in the periodical *Die Musik* (Parts 13 and 14, 1906). A second edition appeared in 1927 with an historical supplement.

The wind chest, i.e., the chest on which the pipes stand and from which the wind enters them, used to be in earlier times a so-called *Schleiflade* (old-fashioned sounding board). This has a number of technical disadvantages compared with the wind chest employed by the builders of to-day. Moreover, it costs considerably more. But in quality of tone produced it is far superior, because its construction offers for definite reasons great acoustic advantages.

On the old wind chest, pipes produced a round and soft but full tone, on the new one they produce a harsh and dry one. The tone of an old organ laps round the hearer in a gentle flood, that of a new one rushes upon him with the roar of surf.

In the old organs the pipes were fed with wind under moderate pressure, because the imperfect bellows of that day could not give them anything stronger. But when with a perfected apparatus, electrically driven, wind could be produced in any desired amount, it was driven into the pipes at high pressure. Then, blinded by the fact that an organ with twenty-five stops could be as powerful as one with forty stops hitherto, organists overlooked the further fact that the sound now blustered boisterously out instead of issuing in a steady stream as befits a wind instrument, so that what was gained in volume was lost in quality.

Then as to the playing apparatus, that is, the way in which the keys and the pipes are connected, there was a sad want of balance between the thought bestowed on cheap-

mechanical method comes, as second-best, the pneumatic, with which the connection between the keys and the pipes is effected by wind pressure. Only in exceptional cases should organs be built with electric mechanism, because

mechanical system and the pneumatic.

It is also very detrimental to the sound of modern organs that they contain stops which imitate in a kind of forced way the sound of stringed instruments. That a very great

variety in the sound of the pipes should be aimed at, and that pipes should be installed to produce tones which remind one of the violin, the cello, or the double bass, is quite natural. But one must not go too far in that direction. The violin-, or cello-, or double-bass-quality of tone must only be hinted at, and not be allowed to make itself conspicuous in the combined sounds of the whole instrument. The organs of today, however, contain too many of these pipes which imitate stringed instruments, and these too strong, so that the organs acquire thereby the tone of an orchestra.

Just as the strings are the foundation of an orchestra, so are the flutes the foundation of an organ. It is only when beautiful, soft, and round-toned open stops in sufficient number provide the correct foundation for the mixtures and the reeds, that an organ can produce a beautiful, rich, and round-toned forte and fortissimo.

If the old organs sound better than those which are built today, that is, as a rule, partly the result of their having been placed in a better position. The best place for the organ, if the nave of the church is not too long, is above the entrance, opposite the chancel. There it stands high and free, and the sound can travel in every direction, unhindered.

In the case of very long naves it is better to build the organ at a certain height on the side wall of the nave, about halfway along it, thereby escaping the echo which would spoil the clearness of the playing. There are still many European cathedrals in which the organ hangs thus, like a swallow's nest, projecting into the middle of the nave. Placed like this an organ of forty stops develops the power of one with sixty!

In the effort to build organs as large as possible, and with the further object of having the organ and the choir close together, it often comes about today that the organ is allotted an unfavorable position.

If in the gallery above the entrance there is room, as is often the case, only for a moderate-sized organ, the instrument is placed in the chancel, an arrangement which has the practical advantage of letting the organ and the choir be close together. But an organ standing on the ground never produces the same effect as one which delivers its sound from a height. From the former position the sound is hindered in its expansion, especially if the church is small. What a number of organs, good in themselves,

lms was: "An organ sounds best, when there is so much space between the pipes that a man can get round each one." Of the other representatives of the organ building of that

About the end of the nineteenth century the master organ builders became organ manufacturers, and those who were not willing to follow this course were ruined. Since that time people have no longer asked whether an organ has a good tone, but whether it is provided with every possible modern *arrangement for altering the stops, and whether it contains the greatest possible number of stops for the smallest possible price.* With an incredible blindness they tear out the beautiful old works of their organs, instead of piously restoring them with the care they deserve, and replace them with products of the factory.

Holland is the country where there is most appreciation of the beauty and value of old organs. The organists of that country did not allow the manifold technical defects of their wonderful old organs, and the consequent difficulty of playing them, to mislead them into sacrificing the advantage of their magnificent tone. Hence there are today in the churches of Holland numerous organs, large and small, which by appropriate restoration will in the course of time lose their technical imperfections and keep their beauty of sound. In splendid old organ cases, too, there is scarcely any country so rich as Holland.

Little by little attention was given to the idea of reform in organ building which I had put forward in my pamphlet. At the Congress of the International Musical Society held in Vienna in 1909 provision was made for the first time, on the suggestion of Guido Adler, for a section on organ building. In this section some like-minded members joined me in working out a set of "International Regulations for Organ Build-

¹ *Internationales Regulativ für Orgelbau* ("International Regulations for Organ Building") (Vienna, Artaria, Leipzig, Breitkopf und Härtel, 1909), 47 pages.

Règlement général international pour la facture d'orgues (Artaria, Leipzig, Breitkopf und Härtel, 1909).

else. They are, one and all, accustomed nowadays to find quite satisfactory what is made with tinned milk, tinned cream, tinned butter, dried white of egg and dried yolk, with the cheapest oil and the cheapest lard, with synthetic fruit juice and any sort of sweetening, because they never get anything different offered them. Not understanding what quality means, they are satisfied so long as things look nice. If I try to produce and sell the good things of former days, I lose my customers, because, like the good organ builder, I am about 30 per cent too dear . . ."

How far we still are from having the ideal organ I have had to realize again and again on my concert tours, which gave me opportunities of getting to know the organ of almost every country of Europe. Still, the day must come when organists will demand really sound and artistic instruments, and so put organ builders in a position to give up the turning out of factory articles. But when will it come to pass that the idea triumphs over circumstances?

The chief problem is always the wind chest. Until someone succeeds in building a wind chest which has the acoustic qualities of the *Schleiflade* (sounding board) used by the master builders of the eighteenth century and by Cavallé-Col, but is without the technical disadvantages of the latter, organs must remain unsatisfactory as to tone. Of course organ builders praise up the modern wind chests, and proclaim them to be just as good as the *Schleiflade*. But that is not really the case.

To the struggle for the true organ I have sacrificed much time and much labor. Many a night have I spent over organ designs which had been sent to me for approval or revision. Many a journey have I undertaken in order to study on the spot the question of restoring or rebuilding an organ. Letters running into hundreds have I written to bishops, deans, presidents of consistories, mayors, incumbents, church committees, church elders, organ builders, and organists, to try to convince them that they ought to restore their fine old ones, or, if it may be, to build new ones, not the number, of the best material for equipping the organs, and the arrangements for the iteration of the stops. And how much and these many of these many journeys, and these many con-

a supplement to the great organ.

Because they have no choir organ, modern instruments are incomplete, however many stops and keyboards they may have. They are made up of two, not of three tonal individualities.

The time will come when people will say they cannot understand how it was that three generations of organists and organ builders failed to recognize the importance of the choir organ for the musical work of the instrument. Even

roomy choir organ case empty instead of using it for stops, is distinctly a mistake.

Of course, a case for the choir organ costs so much extra that several stops must be dispensed with, but that matters little. A second organ with ten stops, placed as a choir

requirements as to space and sound. The specialty of the great organ is that its stops occupy the lower part of the main case, and have a full, round tone. That of the choir organ is that it is an organ by itself with clear-voiced stops which sings out freely into the church under the great organ. That of the swell organ is that it is housed in the upper part of the main case, and from the highest and furthest point of the instrument sends out an intensive tone which can be modified as desired.

The organ is a trinity in which these three tonal in-

organ in it, the new because it no longer has a choi

of having to play it in such a hall as a solo instrument, I avoid as well as I can treating it as a secular concert instrument. By my choice of the pieces played and my way of playing them I try to turn the concert hall into a church. But best of all I like, in a church as in a concert hall, to introduce a choir and thus change the concert into a kind of service, in which the choir responds to the choral prelude of the organ by singing the chorale itself.

By its even tone which can be maintained as long as desired the organ has in it an element, so to speak, of eternity. Even in the secular room it cannot become a secular instrument.

That I have had the joy of seeing my ideal of a church organ very largely realized in certain modern organs I owe to the artistic ability of the Alsatian organ builder, Fritz Haerpf-fer, who formed his ideas from the organs built by Silbermann, and the good sense of certain church councils which allowed themselves to be persuaded into ordering not the largest, but the best organ that could be procured with the sum of money at their disposal.

The work and the worry that fell to my lot through the practical interest I took in organ building, made me some-
times wish that I had never troubled myself about it, but if I do not give it up, the reason is that the struggle for the good organ is to me a part of the struggle for truth. And when on Sundays I think of this or that church in which a noble organ is sounding because I saved it from an ignoble one, I feel my-
self richly rewarded for all the time and trouble which in the course of over thirty years I have sacrificed in the interests of organ building.

9. I Resolve to Become a Jungle Doctor

ON October 13th, 1905, a Friday, I dropped into a letter box in the Avenue de la Grande Armée in Paris, letters to my parents and to some of my most intimate acquaintances, tell-
ing them that during the winter term I should
be going to the University of Berlin in order to go later on to
one of them I sent in the
of the Theological College
on my time that my
tended course of study would be in the

example, when the Strasbourg orphanage was burnt down, I offered to take in a few boys, for the time being, but the superintendent did not even allow me to finish what I had to say. Similar attempts which I made elsewhere were also failures.

For a time I thought I would some day devote myself to tramps and discharged prisoners. In some measure as a preparation for this I joined the Rev Augustus Ernst at St. Thomas' in an undertaking which he had begun. He was at home from

... get information about his circumstances. He would offer to look him up in his lodging house that very afternoon and test the statements he had volunteered about his condition. Then, and then only, would he give him help, but as much, and for as long a time, as was necessary. What a number of ... and the ... cant was

many cases, however, it provided an opportunity for giving, with knowledge of the circumstances, very seasonable help. I had some friends, too, who kindly placed a portion of their wealth at my disposal.

Already, as a student, I had been active in social service as a member of the student association known as the Diaconate of St. Thomas, which held its meetings in St. Thomas' College. Each of us had a certain number of poor families assigned to him, which he was to visit every week, taking to them the help allotted to them and making a report on their condition. The money we thus distributed we collected from members of the old Strasbourg families who supported this undertaking, begun by former generations and now carried on by us. Twice a year, if I remember right, each of us had to make his definite number of

...ing includes the good-tempered acceptance of a refusal.

In our youthful inexperience we no doubt often fa
spite of the best intentions, to use all the money
us in the wisest way, but the intentions of the

nevertheless fully carried out in that it pledged young men to take an interest in the poor. For that reason I think with deep gratitude of those who met with so much understanding and liberality our efforts to be wisely helpful, and hope that many students may have the privilege of working, commissioned in this way by the charitable, as recruits in the struggle against poverty.

While I was concerned with tramps and discharged prisoners it had become clear to me that they could only be effectively helped by a number of individuals who would devote themselves to them. At the same time, however, I had realized that in many cases these could only accomplish their best work in collaboration with organizations. But what I wanted was an absolutely personal and independent activity. Although I was resolved to put my services at the disposal of some organization, if it should be really necessary, I nevertheless never gave up the hope of finding a sphere of activity to which I

been vouchsafed to me

count of the impression made on me by the letters of one of its earliest missionaries, Casalis by name, when my father read them aloud at his missionary services during my childhood. That evening, in the very act of putting it aside that I might go on with my work, I mechanically opened this magazine, which had been laid on my table during my absence. As I did so, my eye caught the title of an article, *Les besoins de la Mission du Congo* ("The needs of the Congo Mission").¹

It was by Alfred Boegner, the president of the Paris Missionary Society, an Alsatian, and contained a complaint that the mission had not enough workers to carry on its work in the Gaboon, the northern province of the Congo Colony. The writer expressed his hope that his appeal would bring some of those "on whom the Master's eyes already rested" to a decision to offer themselves for this urgent work. The conclusion ran: "Men and women who can reply simply to the Master's

¹ *Journal des Missions Évangéliques*, June, 1904, pp. 389-393.

call, 'Lord, I am coming,' those are the people whom the Church needs." Having finished the article, I quietly began my work. My search was over.

My thirtieth birthday, a few months later, I spent like the man in the parable who "desiring to build a tower, first counts the cost whether he have wherewith to complete it." The result was that I resolved to realize my plan of direct human service in Equatorial Africa.

With the exception of one trustworthy friend no one knew of my intention. When it became known through the letters I had sent from Paris, I had hard battles to fight with my relations and friends. Almost more than with my contemplated new start itself they reproached me with not having shown them so much confidence as to discuss it with them first. With this side issue they tormented me beyond measure during those difficult weeks. That theological friends should outdo the others in their protests struck me as all the more preposterous, because they had, no doubt, all preached a fine sermon—perhaps a very fine one—showing how St. Paul, as he has recorded in his letter to the Galatians, "conferred not with flesh and blood" beforehand about what he meant to do for Jesus.

My relatives and my friends all joined in expostulating with me on the folly of my enterprise. I was a man, they said, who was burying the talent entrusted to him and wanted to trade with false currency. Work among savages I ought to leave to those who would not thereby be compelled to leave gifts and acquirements in science and art unused. Widor, who loved me as if I were his son, scolded me as being like a general who wanted to go into the firing line—there was no talk about trenches at that time—with a rifle. A lady who was filled with the modern spirit proved to me that I could do much more by lecturing on behalf of medical help for natives than I could by the action I contemplated. That saying from Goethe's *Faust* ("In the beginning was the Deed"), was now out of date, she said. Today propaganda was the mother of happenings.

In the many verbal duels which I had to fight, as a weary opponent, with people who passed for Christians, it moved me strangely to see them so far from perceiving that the effort to serve the love preached by Jesus may sweep a man into a new course of life, although they read in the New Testament that "can do so, and found it there quite in order. I had

as a matter of course that familiarity with the sayings of Jesus would produce a much better appreciation of what to popular logic is nonrational, than my own case allowed me to assert. Several times, indeed, it was my experience that my appeal to the act of obedience which Jesus' command of love may under special circumstances call for, brought upon me an accusation of conceit, although I had, in fact, been obliged to do violence to my feelings to employ this argument at all. In general, how much I suffered through so many people assuming a right to tear open all the doors and shutters of my inner self!

As a rule, too, it was of no use allowing them, in spite of my repugnance, to have a glimpse of the thoughts which had given birth to my resolution. They thought there must be something behind it all, and guessed at disappointment at the slow growth of my reputation. For this there was no ground at all, seeing that I had received, even as a young man, such recognition as others usually get only after a whole life of toil and struggle. Unfortunate love experiences were also alleged as the reason for my decision.

I felt as a real kindness the action of persons who made no attempt to dig their fists into my heart, but regarded me as a precocious young man, not quite right in his head, and treated me correspondingly with affectionate mockery.

I felt it to be, in itself, quite natural that relations and friends should put before me anything that told against the reasonableness of my plan. As one who demands that idealists shall be sober in their views, I was conscious that every start upon an untrodden path is a venture which only in unusual circumstances looks sensible and likely to be successful. In my own case I held the venture to be justified, because I had considered it for a long time and from every point of view, and credited myself with the possession of health, sound nerves, energy, practical common sense, toughness, prudence, very few wants, and everything else that might be found necessary by anyone wandering along the path of the idea. I believed myself, further, to wear the protective armor of a temperament quite capable of enduring an eventual failure of my plan.

As a man of individual action, I have since that time been approached for my opinion and advice by many people who wanted to make a similar venture, but only in comparatively few cases have I taken on me the responsibility of giving them immediate encouragement. I often had to recognize that the need "to do something special" was born of a restless spirit.

Such persons wanted to dedicate themselves to larger tasks because those that lay nearest did not satisfy them. Often, too, it was evident that they had been brought to their decisions by quite secondary considerations. Only a person who can find a value in every sort of activity and devote himself to each one with full consciousness of duty, has the inward right to take as his object some extraordinary activity instead of that which falls naturally to his lot. Only a person who feels his preference to be a matter of course, not something out of the ordinary, and who has no thought of heroism, but just recognizes a duty undertaken with sober enthusiasm, is capable of becoming a spiritual adventurer such as the world needs. There are no heroes of action: only heroes of renunciation and suffering. Of such there are plenty. But few of them are known, and even these not to the crowd, but to the few.

Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship* is not a profound book.

Of those who feel any sort of impulse, and would prove actually fitted, to devote their lives to independent personal activity, the majority are compelled by circumstances to renounce such a course. As a rule this is because they have to provide for one or more dependents, or because they have to stick to their calling in order to earn their own living. Only one who thanks to his own ability or the devotion of friends is in worldly matters a free man, can venture nowadays to take the path of independent activity. This was not so much the case in earlier times because anyone who gave up remunerative work could still hope to get through life somehow or other, while anyone who thought of doing the same in the difficult economic conditions of today would run the risk of coming to grief not only materially but spiritually as well.

I am compelled, therefore, not only by what I have observed, but by experience also, to admit that worthy and capable persons have had to renounce a course of independent action which would have been of great value to the world, because circumstances rendered such a course impossible.

Those who are so favored as to be able to embark on a course of free personal activity must accept this good fortune in a spirit of humility. They must often think of those who, though willing and capable, were never in a position to do the same. And as a rule they must temper their own strong determination with humility. They are almost always destined to have to seek and wait till they find a road open for the activity they long for. Happy are those to whom the years of work

allotted in richer measure than those of seeking and waiting! Happy those who in the end are able to give themselves really and completely!

These favored persons must also be modest so as not to fly into a passion at the opposition they encounter, they have to meet it in the temper which says: "Ah, well, it had to be!" Anyone who proposes to do good must not expect people to roll stones out of his way, but must accept his lot calmly if they even roll a few more upon it. A strength which becomes clearer and stronger through its experience of such obstacles is the only strength that can conquer them. Resistance is only a waste of strength.

Of all the will for the ideal which exists in mankind only a small part can be manifested in action. All the rest is destined to realize itself in unseen effects, which represent, however, a value exceeding a thousandfold and more that of the activity which attracts the notice of the world. Its relation to the latter is like that of the deep sea to the waves which stir its surface. The hidden forces of goodness are embodied in those persons who carry on as a secondary pursuit the immediate personal service which they cannot make their lifework. The lot of the many is to have as a profession, for the earning of their living and the satisfaction of society's claim on them, a more or less soulless labor in which they can give out little or nothing of their human qualities, because in that labor they have to be little better than human machines. Yet no one finds himself in

and mechanized depends only in part for its solution on society's not merely removing the conditions thus produced, but doing its very best to guard the rights of human personality. What is even more important is that sufferers shall not simply bow to their fate, but shall try with all their energy to assert their human personality amid their unfavorable conditions by

the good of fellow men who need the help of a fellow man. Such a man enlists in the service of the spiritual and good. No fate can prevent a man from giving to others this direct human service side by side with his lifework. If so much of such service remains unrealized, it is because the opportunities are missed.

That everyone shall exert himself in that state of life in which he is placed, to practice true humanity toward his fellow men, on that depends the future of mankind. Enormous values come to nothing every moment through the missing of opportunities, but the values which do get turned into will and deed mean wealth which must not be undervalued. Our humanity is by no means so materialistic as foolish talk is continually asserting it to be. Judging by what I have learned about men and women, I am convinced that there is far more in them of idealist will power than ever comes to the surface of the world. Just as the water of the streams we see is small in amount compared to that which flows underground, so the hearts, un-

bound, to bring the underground waters to the surface: mankind is waiting and longing for such as can do that.

What seemed to my friends the most irrational thing in my plan was that I wanted to go to Africa, not as a missionary, but as a doctor, and thus when already thirty years of age burdened myself as a beginner with a long period of laborious work. I was a tremendous h, look forward to the reasons which determined me to follow the way of service I had chosen, as a doctor, weighed so heavily that other considerations were as dust in the balance.

... to work with-
in
of
theological teacher and of preacher. But this new form of activity I could not represent to myself as being talking about the religion of love, but only as an actual putting it into practice. Medical knowledge made it possible for me to carry out wherever the plan for knowledge was especially indicated because in the mission to which I thought ... the missionaries' reports, ... om- ... m

it was worth while, so I judged, to become a medical student. Whenever I was inclined to feel that the years I should have to sacrifice were too long, I reminded myself that Hamulcar and Hannibal had prepared for their march on Rome by their slow and tedious conquest of Spain.

There was still one more point of view from which I seemed directed to become a doctor. From what I knew of the Parisian Missionary Society, I could not but feel it to be very doubtful whether they would accept me as a missionary.

It was in pietistic and orthodox circles that at the beginning of the nineteenth century societies were first formed for preaching the Gospel in the heathen world. About the same time, it is true, liberal Christendom too began to comprehend the need for carrying the teaching of Jesus to far-off lands. But when it came to action, the faith that was in the fetters of dogmatism was first in the field. With their own

soaked in ecclesiasticism. Moreover the dogmatic bodies had in their pietistic ideas about "the saving of souls" a stronger motive for mission work than liberal Christianity, since the latter's aim was to set the Gospel working primarily as a force for the restoration of mankind and the

cieties of their own, expecting that, as a result of Protestants of every shade of belief working for and with them, the existing societies would in time come to carrying on the mistaken, e material / hard my / ed for the doctrinal outlook!—but they sent out no missionaries who would not

were not its own, liberal Protestantism obtained the reputation of having no appreciation of mission work and doing nothing for it. Then, but much too late, it resolved to

establish missionary societies of its own, and to give up the hope of having a mission run by the Protestant Church as a whole.

It was always interesting to me to find that the missionaries themselves usually thought more liberally than the officials of their societies. They had, of course, found by experience that among outside peoples, especially among the primitive races, there is a complete absence of those presuppositions which compel our Christianity at home to face the alternative of doctrinal constraint or doctrinal freedom, and that the important thing out there is to preach the elements of the Gospel as given in the Sermon on the Mount, and to bring men under the lordship of the spirit of Jesus.

For the Paris Mission my father cherished a special sympathy because he thought he could detect in it a more liberal tendency than in others. He particularly appreciated the fact that Casalis and others among its leading missionaries used in their reports not the sugary language of Canaan, but that of the simple Christian heart.

But that the question of orthodoxy played the same role in the committee of the Paris Society as in others I at once learned, and very explicitly, when I offered it my services. The kindly director of the mission, Monsieur Boegner, was much moved at finding that someone had offered to join the Congo Mission in answer to his appeal, but at once confided to me that serious objections would be raised to my theological standpoint by members of the committee, and that these would have to be cleared away first. My assurance that I wanted to come "merely as a doctor" lifted a heavy weight from his

truly Christian reasonableness.

No doubt the more liberal *Allgemeine Evangelische Missionsverein* (General Union of Evangelical Missions) in Switzerland would have accepted me without question as missionary or doctor. But as I felt that since Africa had come to me through the article in the magazine, I felt I ought to try to join that

in its activities in that colony. Further, I was tempted to persist in getting a decision on the question whether, face to face with the Gospel of Jesus, a missionary society could justifiably arrogate to itself the right to refuse to the suffering natives in their district the services of a doctor, because in their opinion he was not sufficiently orthodox.

But ever and above all this, my daily work and daily worries, now that I was beginning my medical course, made such demands upon me, that I had neither time nor strength to concern myself about what was to happen afterwards.

10. My Medical Studies

1905 - 1912

WHEN I went to Professor Fehling, at that time dean⁴ of the medical faculty, to give in my name as a student, he would have liked best to hand me over to his colleague in the psychiatric department.

On one of the closing days of October, 1905, I set out in a sick fog to attend the first of a course of lectures on anatomy.

But there was still a legal question to solve. As a member of the staff of the university I could not be enrolled as a student at the same time. Yet if I attended the medical courses only as a guest, I could not, according to medical rules, be admitted to the examinations. The governing body met the difficulty in a friendly spirit, and permitted me to enter for the examinations on the strength of the certificates which the medical professors would give me of having attended their lectures. The professors, on their side, resolved that, being a colleague, I might attend all the lectures without paying the fees.

My teachers in the five terms preceding the clinical were: Schwalbe, Weidenreich, and Fuchs in anatomy; Hofmeister, Ewald, and Spiro in physiology, Thiele in chemistry; Braun and Cohn in physics, Goette in zoology; Graf Solms and Jost in botany.

Now began years of continuous struggle with fatigue. To immediate resignation of my theological teaching, and of my office of preacher, I had not been able to bring myself. So

while I studied medicine, I at the same time delivered theological lectures, and preached almost every Sunday. The lectures were especially laborious at the beginning of my medical course, as it was in them that I began dealing with the problems of the teaching of St. Paul.

The organ, too, now began to make bigger claims on me than before. For Gustave Bret (the conductor of the Paris Bach Society which had been founded in 1905 by him, Dukas, Fauré, Widor, Guilmont, d'Indy, and myself) insisted on my undertaking the organ part in all the society's concerts. For some years, therefore, I had to make, each winter, several journeys to Paris. Although I only had to attend the final practice, and could travel back to Strasbourg during the night following each performance, every concert took at least three days of my time. Many a sermon for St. Nicholas did I sketch out in the train between Paris and Strasbourg! I had also to be at the organ for the Bach concerts of the *Orfèu Català* at Barcelona. And in general I now played oftener in concerts, not only because I had during recent years become known as an organist, but also because the loss of my stipend as principal of the Theological College compelled me to find some new source of income.

The frequent journeys to Paris afforded me a welcome opportunity of meeting friends whom in the course of time I had made in that city. Among those I knew best were the clever and musically gifted Frau Fanny Reinach, the wife of the well-known scholar, Theodor Reinach, and Countess Mélanie de Pourtalès, the friend of the Empress Eugénie, at whose side she figures in Winterhalter's famous picture. At the country house of the countess, near Strasbourg, I frequently

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wrote the essay on organ building and the final chapter of the *Quest of the Historical Jesus*. I resigned my post as principal of the college in the spring of 1906. So now it seemed I had to turn out of the college building which has been my home since my student days. Leaving the big trees in the walled-in garden, trees with which for so many years I had conversed while I was working, was very hard. But, to my great joy, I found that I should be able, after all, to stay on in the big house belonging to the Chapter of St. Thomas'. Frederick Curtius, formerly district superintendent of Colmar, and after that, nominated, at the request of the whole body of Alsatian clergy, as president of the Lutheran Church of Alsace, held, as such, possession of a large official residence in the Chapter's big house. He now placed at my disposal four small attics under its gables, and I was thus enabled to continue living under the shadow of St. Thomas'. On the rainy Shrove Tuesday of 1906 the students carried my belongings out through one door of the house on the St. Thomas Embankment and brought them in through another.

That with the Curtius family I could go in and out as if I were a member of it I prized as a great piece of good fortune. Frederick Curtius, who, as already mentioned, was a son of the well-known Greek scholar of Berlin, had married Countess Louisa of Erlach, the daughter of the governess of the Grand Duchess Louisa of Baden, who was a sister of the Emperor Frederick. Thus traditions of the aristocracy of learning were in this family united with those of the aristocracy of birth. The spiritual center of the household was the aged Countess of Erlach—by birth Countess de May from the neighborhood of Neuchâtel. Her health now prevented her from going out of doors, so, in order to make good to some extent her loss of concerts which she felt very deeply, for she was passionately fond of music I used to play the piano to her for an hour every evening. She gave me the greatest gratification in my life. Her personality.

On May 3rd, 1910, an airman named Wineziers made from the drill ground at Strasbourg-Neudorf the first flight ever made over Strasbourg, and it was quite unexpected. I happened to be at the time in the countess' room, and led her, for she could no longer move about alone, to the window. When the airplane, which had flown quite lowdown past:

house, had disappeared in the distance, she said to me in French! "*Combien curieuse est ma vie! J'ai discuté les règles du participe passé avec Alexander von Humboldt, et voici que je suis témoin de la conquête de l'air par les hommes!*"

Her two unmarried daughters, Ada and Greda von Erlach, who lived with her, had inherited from her a talent for painting, and while I was still director of the college I had given over to Ada, who was a pupil of Henner's, a room with a northern aspect in my official residence for her to use as a studio. I also, at her mother's request, sat for her as a model, since it was hoped that she would feel herself quite restored after a severe operation which had brought her a temporary alleviation of an incurable and painful disease, if she again took up her painting. This picture of me she completed on my thirtieth birthday, without any suspicion of all that was stirring in my mind during this last sitting.

As an uncle of the old Countess von Erlach had been for years an officer in the Dutch Colonial Service without suffering from fever, and attributed this to his never having gone out of doors in the Tropics after sunset bareheaded, I was made to promise her that in memory of her I would follow the same rule. So for her sake I now renounce the pleasure of letting the evening breeze play upon my head after a hot day on the Equator. The keeping of my promise, however, has agreed with me. I have never had an attack of malaria, although of course the disease does not result from going with uncovered head in the Tropics after sundown!

It was only from the spring of 1906 onwards, when I had finished with the *Quest of the Historical Jesus* and had given up the headship of the college, that I could give to my new course of study the time it required. But then I set to work with eagerness at the natural sciences. Now at last I was able to devote myself to what had held most attraction for me when I was at the Gymnasium: I was at last in a position to acquire the knowledge I needed in order to feel the firm ground of reality under my feet in philosophy!

But study of the natural sciences brought me even more than the increase of knowledge I had longed for. It was to me a spiritual experience. I had all along felt it to be psychically a danger that in the so-called humanities with which I had been concerned hitherto, there is no truth which affirms itself as self-evident, but that a mere opinion can, by the way in which it deals with the subject matter, obtain recognition as

True. The search for truth in the domains of history and philosophy is carried on in constantly repeated endless duels between the sense of reality of the one and the inventive imaginative power of the other. The argument from facts is never able to obtain a definite victory over the skillfully produced opinion. How often does what is reckoned as progress consist in a skillfully argued opinion putting real insight out of action for a long time!

To have to watch this drama going on and on, and deal in such different ways with men who had lost all feeling for reality I had found not a little depressing. Now I was suddenly in another country. I was concerned with truths which embodied realities, and found myself among men who took it as a matter of course that they had to justify with facts every statement they made. It was an experience which I felt to be needed for my own intellectual development.

Intoxicated as I was with the delight of dealing with realities which could be determined with exactitude, I was far from any inclination to undervalue the humanities as others in a similar position often did. On the contrary. Through my study of chemistry, physics, zoology, botany, and physiology I became more than ever conscious to what an extent truth in thought is justified and necessary, side by side with the truth which is merely established by facts. No doubt something subjective clings to the knowledge which results from a creative act of the mind. But at the same time such knowledge is on a higher plane than the knowledge based only on facts.

The knowledge that results from the recording of single manifestations of Being remains ever incomplete and unsatisfying so far as it is unable to give the final answer to the great question of what we are in the universe, and to what purpose we exist in it. We can find our right place in the Being that

edge of the universal Being and of the relation to it of the
that the humanities seek to attain. The
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On May 13th, 1908—on the rainy day on which the

Hohkönigsburg in Lower Alsace was ceremonially opened after its restoration—I entered for the examination in anatomy, physiology, and the natural sciences, the so-called *Physikum*. The acquisition of the necessary knowledge did not come easily. All my interest in the subject matter could not help me over the fact that the memory of a man of over thirty no longer has the capacity of that of a twenty-year-old student. Moreover, I had stupidly got into my head the idea of studying pure science only, right to the end, instead of preparing for the examination. It was only in the last few weeks that I let remonstrances from my fellow students make me become a member of a cramming club (*Paukverband*), so that I got to know what sort of questions, according to the records kept by the students, the professors usually set, together with the answers they preferred to hear.

The examination went better than I ever expected, although during those days I was going through the worst crisis of fatigue that I can recall during the whole of my life.

The terms of clinical study which followed proved far less of a strain than the earlier ones, because the various subjects were more akin.

My principal teachers were Moritz, Arnold Cahn, and Erich Meyer for Medicine, Madelung and Ledderhose for Surgery, Fehling and Freund for Gynecology, Wollenberg, Rosenfeld, and Pfersdorff for Psychiatry; Forster and Levy for Bacteriology, Charrin for Pathological Anatomy, and Schmiedeberg for Pharmacology.

I felt a special interest in the teaching about drugs, as to which the practical instruction was given by Arnold Cahn, and the theoretical by Schmiedeberg, the well-known investigator into the derivatives of digitalis.

Schmiedeberg of his fear that he might give offense, when the latter replied. "Don't spare them! Tell them all about Darwinism, only take care not to use the word 'monkey,' and they'll be quite satisfied both with Darwin and with you." Schwalbe took the advice, and had the success that was promised.

At that time people in Alsace were beginning to demand university extension to satisfy a population that was hungering for education, and one day the professor of philosophy, Windelband, announced to us in the Common Room with joyful astonishment that a deputation of workingmen had requested him to give some lectures on Hegel. He could hardly speak warmly enough of the way in which ordinary people with their healthy feeling for what is really valuable, had become alive to the importance of Hegel. Later on, however, it came out that what they wanted to hear was something about Ernst Haeckel and the materialistic popular philosophy, so akin to socialism, that was expounded in his book *The Riddle of the Universe* which appeared in 1899. In their Alsatian pronunciation the *ae* had sounded like *e*, and the *k* like *g*!

Years later I was to find myself in a position to render a service to Schmiedeberg, whom I very much admired. In the spring of 1919 I happened to be passing the Strasbourg-Neudorf station, from which some Germans whom the French authorities had decided to expel were about to be transported, when I saw the dear old man standing among them. To my question whether I could help him to save his furniture, which like the rest he had been obliged to leave behind, he replied by showing me a parcel wrapped in newspaper, which he had under his arm. It was his last work on digitalin. Since everything that these expelled people had on them or with them was strictly examined by French NCOs at the railway station, he was afraid that he might not be allowed to take with him his bulky parcel of manuscript. I therefore took it from him.

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While at the beginning of my medical course I had to contend with money difficulties, my position improved later on through the success of the German edition of my book on Bach, and the concert fees I earned.

In October, 1911, I took the state medical examination. The day before I had passed the previous month at the French

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that I was really awake and not dreaming. Madelung's voice seemed to come from some distant sphere when he said more than once, as we walked along together, "It is only because you have such excellent health that you have got through a job like that."

Now I had to complete the year of practical work as a volunteer in the hospitals, and to write my thesis for the doctorate. For this I chose as my subject the collection and examination of all that had been published from the medical side on the mental derangement of which the writers supposed Jesus to have been a victim.

In the main I was concerned with the works of De Loosten, William Hirsch, and Binet-Sanglé. In my studies in the life of Jesus I had shown that He lived in the thought world (which seems to us such a fantastic one) of the late Jewish expectation of the end of the world and the appearance, thereupon, of a supernatural Messianic Kingdom. I was at once reproached with making Him a visionary, or even a person under the sway of delusions. My task now was to decide, from the medical standpoint, whether this peculiar Messianic consciousness of His was in any way bound up with some psychic disturbance.

De Loosten, William Hirsch, and Binet-Sanglé had assumed the existence in Jesus of some paranoiac mental disturbance, and had discovered in Him morbid ideas about His own greatness and about being persecuted. In order to put myself into a position to deal with their really quite insignificant works, it was necessary to immerse myself in the boundless problem of paranoia, and thus a treatise of forty-six pages took over a year to write. More than once I was on the point of throwing it aside, and choosing another subject for my dissertation.

The result I aimed at was to demonstrate that the only psychiatric characteristics which could be accepted as historical, and about which there could be any serious dispute—Jesus' high estimation of Himself and possible hallucinations at the time of His baptism—were far from sufficient to prove the presence of any mental disease.

The expectation of the end of the world and the coming of the Messianic Kingdom has nothing in it of a nature of a delusion, for it belongs to a view of the world which was widely accepted by the Jews of that time, and was contained in their religious literature. Even the idea held by

Jesus that He was the One Who on the appearance of the

certainty of being the coming Messiah, and nevertheless

his claim has with Him a natural and logical reason. According to Jewish doctrine the Messiah will not step out of His concealment until the revelation of the Messianic Kingdom. Jesus, therefore, cannot make Himself known to men as the coming Messiah. And if, on the other hand, in a number of his sayings there breaks through an announcement of the coming of the Kingdom of God made with all the authority of Him who is to be its King, that, too, is from the logical point of view thoroughly intelligible. Altogether, Jesus never behaves like a man wandering in a

That these medical experts, in the face of the simplest psychiatric considerations, succeed in throwing doubt on the mental soundness of Jesus, is explicable only by the fact of their not being sufficiently familiar with the historical side of the question. Not only do they omit to use the late Jewish view of the world in explanation of the world

mental unsoundness of Jesus are drawn from the Jewish Gospel.

The real Jesus is convinced of His being the coming Messiah, because, amid the religious ideas then prevail, powerful ethical personality cannot do otherwise.

at consciousness of itself within the frame of this idea. By His spiritual nature He was in very fact the ethical ruler promised by the prophets.

11. Preparations for Africa

WHILE occupied with the dissertation for my medical degree, I was already making preparations for my journey to Africa. In the spring of 1912 I gave up my teaching work at the university and my post at St Nicholas'. The courses of lectures which I gave in the winter of 1911-1912 dealt with the reconciliation of the religious view of the world with the results of the historical research on the world religions and with the facts of natural science

The text of my last sermon to the congregation of St. Nicholas' was St Paul's words of blessing in his Epistle to the Philippians "The peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus," a text with which all through the years I had closed every service I had held.

Not to preach any more, not to lecture any more, was for me a great sacrifice, and till I left for Africa I avoided, as far as possible, going past either St Nicholas' or the university, because the very sight of the places where I had carried on work which I could never resume was too painful for me. Even today I cannot bear to look at the windows of the second lecture room to the east of the entrance of the great university building, because it was there that I most often lectured

Last of all I left my residence on the St Thomas Embankment, in order that with my wife—Helen Bresslau, the daughter of the Strasbourg historian, whom I had married on June 18th, 1912—I might spend the last months, so far as I was not obliged to be traveling, in my father's parsonage at Gunsbach. My wife, who had already before our marriage been a valuable collaborator in the completion of manuscripts and

medicine and begin my purchase of things needed for Africa. While I had at the beginning of my medical studies acquired

scientific knowledge of my subject, now I had to work at it on practical lines. This, too, was an experience for me. Till then I had been engaged only in intellectual work. But now I had to make out from catalogues lists of things to be ordered, go shopping for days on end, stand about in the shops and seek out what I wanted, check accounts and delivery notes, fill packing cases, prepare accurate lists for the custom-house examinations, and occupy myself with other, similar jobs. What an amount of time and trouble it cost me to get together the instruments, the drugs, the bandages, and all the other articles needed for the equipment of a hospital, to say nothing of all the work we did together in preparation for housekeeping in the primeval forest! At first I felt occupation with such things to be something of a burden. Gradually, however, I came to the conclusion that even the practical struggles with material

fact that so many catalogues, including those of chemists, are arranged as unclearly and unpractically as if the firm in question had entrusted the compilation to its porter's wife.

To obtain the necessary funds for my undertaking I undertook a round of begging visits among my acquaintances, and experienced in full measure the difficulty of winning their support for a work which had not yet justified its existence by showing something achieved, but was for the present only an intention. Most of my friends and acquaintances helped me over this embarrassment by saying that they would help my adventurous plan, because I was its author. But I must confess to having also experienced that the tone of my reception became markedly different when it came out that I was there, not as a visitor but as a beggar. Still the kindness which I experienced on these rounds outweighed a hundredfold the humiliations which I had to put up with.

That the German professors at Strasbourg University gave

pupils of my own. Money for the work to be founded in also from a concert which the Paris Bach Society

choir, supported by Maria Philippi and myself, gave on its behalf. A concert and a lecture, too, in Le Havre, where I was known through having helped at a Bach concert, were a great financial success.

Thus the financial difficulty was for the present surmounted. I had money enough for all purchases necessary for the voyage, and for the running of the hospital for about a year. Moreover, well-to-do friends allowed me to anticipate that they would help me again, when I had exhausted my present resources.

I was given valuable help in the management of financial and business matters by Mrs. Annie Fischer, the widow of a professor of surgery at the Strasbourg University, who had died young. Later on, when I was in Africa, she took upon herself all the work that had to be done in Europe. Later on her son also became a doctor in the Tropics.

When I was certain that I could collect funds enough for the establishment of a small hospital, I made a definite offer to the Paris Missionary Society to come at my own expense to serve its mission field on the River Ogowé from the centrally situated station at Lambaréné.

The Mission Station at Lambaréné was established in 1876 by the American missionary and medical man, Dr. Nassau, the commencement of missionary work in the Ogowé district having been taken in hand by the American missionaries who came into the country in 1874. Somewhat later the Gaboon became a French possession, and from 1892 onwards the Paris Missionary Society replaced the American, since the Americans were not in a position to comply with the requirement of the French Government that all instruction should be given in French.

Monsieur Boegner's successor as Superintendent of Missions, Monsieur Jean Bianquis, whose piety of deeds rather

of cost, the mission doctor whom they had been so ardently longing for. But the strictly orthodox objected. It was resolved to invite me before the committee and hold an examination into my beliefs. I could not agree to this, and based my refusal on the fact that Jesus, when He called His disciples,

required from them nothing beyond the will to follow Him. I also sent a message to the committee that, if we are to follow the saying of Jesus: "He that is not against us is on our part," a missionary society would be in the wrong if it rejected even a Mohammedan who offered his services for the treatment of their suffering natives. Not long before this the mission had refused to accept a minister who wanted to go out and work for it, because his scientific conviction did not allow him to answer with an unqualified Yes the question whether he regarded the Fourth Gospel as the work of the Apostle John.

To avoid a similar fate I declined to appear before the assembled committee and let them put theological questions to me. On the other hand, I offered to make a personal visit to each member of it, so that conversation with me might enable them to judge clearly whether my acceptance really meant such terrible danger to the souls of the Negroes and to the society's reputation. My proposal was accepted and cost me several afternoons. A few of the members gave me a chilly reception. The majority assured me that my theological standpoint made them hesitate for two chief reasons: I might be tempted to confuse the missionaries out there with my learning, and I might wish to be active again as a preacher. By my assurance that I only wanted to be a doctor, and that as to everything else I would be *muet comme une carpe* (as mute as a fish), their fears were dispelled, and these visits actually brought me into quite cordial relations with a number of the committee members.

Thus, on the understanding that I would avoid everything that could cause offense to the missionaries and their converts in their belief, my offer was accepted, with the result indeed that one member of the committee sent in his resignation.

One more thing now remained to be done, namely to secure from the Colonial Department permission to practice as a doctor in the Gaboon, although I had only the German diploma. With the help of influential acquaintances this last difficulty, also, was got over. At last the road was clear!

jections to my insistence on taking with us 2,000 marks in gold instead of in notes. I replied that we must reckon on possibility of war, and that, if war broke out, gold

tain its value in every country in the world, whereas the fate of paper money was uncertain, and an embargo might be laid on bank credit

I took into account the danger of war because from acquaintances in Paris whose houses were visited by members of the Russian Embassy I had learned that the latter announced war as something which would assuredly come about as soon as Russia had completed her strategic railways in Poland.

I was quite convinced, indeed, that neither the French people nor the German wanted war, and that the parliamentary leaders of each nation were eager for opportunities of getting to know each other and of giving expression to their ideas. As one who had been working for years to bring about an understanding between Germany and France, I knew how much was being done at that very time for the preservation of peace, and I had some hope of success. On the other hand, I never shut my eyes to the fact that the fate of Europe had been placed by the development of events in the hands of the semi-Asiatics . . .

It seemed to me ominous of evil that in Germany, as in France, gold was being withdrawn as far as possible from circulation, and being replaced by paper money. From 1911 onwards the state employees of both countries had been receiving hardly any gold in the payment of their salaries. Till then German officials had been able to choose whether their salary should be paid in gold or in paper.

12. Literary Work During My Medical Course

DURING the last two years of my medical course and the period which I spent in the hospitals as house physician, I found time, by means of serious encroachment on my night's rest, to bring to completion a work on the history of scientific research into the thought world of St. Paul, to revise and enlarge the *Quest of the Historical Jesus* for the second edition, and together with Widor to prepare an edition of Bach's

preludes and fugues for the organ, giving with each piece directions for its rendering

Immediately after completing the *Quest of the Historical Jesus* I had gone on to study the teaching of St. Paul. From the very beginning I had been left unsatisfied by the explanations of it given by scientific theology, because they represented it as something complicated and loaded with contradictions, an account of it which seemed irreconcilable with the originality and greatness of the thought revealed in it. And this view became thoroughly questionable to me from the time when I became convinced that the preaching of Jesus was entirely determined by the expectation of the end of the world

as well as not rooted entirely in eschatology

When I began examining it with this possibility in view, I arrived with astonishing rapidity at the conclusion that that was the case. As early as 1906 I had been able to expound in a course of lectures the ideas underlying the eschatological explanation of the very remarkable Pauline teaching about the being in Christ, and the having died and risen again with Him.

While engaged on the working out of this new view I was drawn to make myself acquainted with all the attempts which had up to then been made to give a scientific explanation of

With my investigation into St. Paul's teaching I had the same experience as I had had with the Last Supper and the life of Jesus. Instead of contenting myself with simply expounding the solution I had discovered, I took upon my

physics in which he develops the problem of philosophy of a criticism of previous philosophizing! Something slumbered within me then awoke. Again and again I have I experienced within me the urge to try to

ture of a problem not only as it is in itself, but also by the way in which it unfolds itself in the course of history.

Whether the supplementary work has proved worth while, I know not. I am certain only of one thing: that I could take no other course than proceed in this Aristotelian fashion, and that it brought me scientific and artistic satisfaction.

Research into the history of the scientific exposition of the Pauline teaching had a special attraction for me because it was a task that no one had ever yet undertaken. And there were special facilities available for me, in that the Strasbourg University contained a collection of books upon St. Paul almost as complete as that of its books on the life of Jesus. Moreover, the head librarian, Dr. Schorbach, gave me much help, for which I was most grateful, in discovering all the books bearing on the subject, as well as all the articles which had been published in periodicals.

I had thought at first that this literary-historical study could be treated so briefly that it would form just an introductory chapter to the exposition of the eschatological significance of the Pauline teaching. But as I worked, it became clear that it could expand into a complete book.

The scientific investigation of the thought world of St. Paul begins with Hugo Grotius. In this *Annotationes in Novum Testamentum* which appeared about the middle of the seventeenth century he put forward the self-evident principle that one's aim must be to understand the epistles of St. Paul in accordance with the plain meaning of the words. Till then they had been interpreted in Catholic and Protestant theologies alike, in accordance with the Church doctrine of Justification by Faith.

That the sentence "be it unto us as unto thee"

to make it clear that St. Paul's teaching is not dogmatic, but "according to reason."

The first thing accomplished by Pauline research, then, was the drawing of attention to the

light as illumination. In 1807 Schleiermacher expresses doubts about the genuineness of the First Epistle to Timothy. Seven years later John Godfrey Eichorn proves with con-

vincing arguments that neither of the epistles to Timothy nor that to Titus can be by St. Paul. Then Ferdinand Christian Baur goes further still in his *Paulus der Apostel Jesu Christi* ("Paul the Apostle of Jesus Christ") which appeared in 1845. As indisputably genuine he recognizes only the two Epistles to the Corinthians and those to the Romans and the Galatians. All the others appear to him, when compared with the first, to be more or less open to objection.

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with the first to the Thessalonians. By far the greater number, then, of the epistles which bear the name of Paul can really be attributed to him. For the critical science of today

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brought to light, he concludes that the epistles in question is mentioned come from St. Paul's own hand, while the others in which it plays no part were written by pupils of his who wanted to carry back into St. Paul's own time the reconciliation between the two parties which came about later.

With this starting point, then, in the Pauline epistles. Baur is now the first to open up the problem of the beginnings of Christian dogma. He finds, and rightly, the way

arose at the turn of the first and second centuries compelled

it had made no progress, because its task had not been definitely formulated.

Eduard Reuss, Otto Pfeiderer, Karl Holsten, Ernest Renan, H. J. Holtzmann, Karl von Weizsäcker, Adolph Harnack, and the others who in the second half of the nineteenth century continued the work of Baur, deal with

plaining why St. Paul asserts that the Law no longer has

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ceive of redemption

under the Jewish figure of the sin offering, but also as a

moon in the Greek world.

In its assumption that St. Paul's mystical teaching about redemption is Greek in character, investigation is further strengthened by the abundant supply of new material bearing on the Graeco-Oriental mystery religions collected about the end of the century by Hermann Usener, E. Rhode, François Cumont, Hugo Hepding, Richard Reitzenstein, and others from the late Greek literature which had been as yet very scantily examined, and from newly discovered inscriptions. The information supplied by this fresh material makes clear the part which is played by sacramental action in the religiousness of the period, then beginning, of Graeco-Oriental decadence. Hence the assumption that the

As soon as this assumption is examined in detail it becomes evident that the ideas of St. Paul are quite different in character from those of the Graeco-Oriental mystery religions. They are in no way essentially connected with the

tures to admit that the documents about the Graeco-Oriental mystery religions to which it appeals depict those religions as they were in the second and third centuries A D, when the original Greek and Oriental religions had become fused together, and through a kind of renaissance which they experienced had become repositories of the ideas of the now prevailing Graeco-Oriental religiousness in its state of decadence. They had obtained thus an importance which was not theirs in St. Paul's day.

It is interesting to note how Adolph Harnack steadily refused to recognize that any deep influence was exerted on St. Paul by Greek ideas.

If St. Paul's mystical teaching about redemption and his sacramental views cannot be made comprehensible on the basis of Hellenistic ideas, the only other possible course is to attempt the to all appearance impossible task of understanding them through late Judaism, that is through the ideas of eschatology. This plan is followed by Richard Ka-

reached by either of them, nor are they able to lay bare the last secret of the logic in which the Being in Christ and the having died and risen again in Him are maintained to be not only something to be experienced spiritually, but also something natural and real. They do, however, offer with convincing force the proof that

also, in their mutual interdependence, as belonging to a system which is a definite and consistent whole.

The investigations thus made off the beaten track are ignored by contemporary research, because the assumption of a Paul whose thought is at once Greek and Jewish passes

brought by their assertion that the fundamental ideas of the epistles which bear his name stand in an essential connection with those of the Graeco-Oriental religiousness as it is known to us from evidence supplied by the second and third centuries A.D ! There arises at once, of course, the question, which cannot be put on one side, whether, if that

the letters which bear the name of Paul are much easier to explain if it is admitted that the writings themselves are actually of Greek origin than they are on the supposition that immediately after the death of Jesus a Rabbi gave a

between Paul and the apostles, but two or three generations later between the two parties which had come into existence in the intervening period. To legitimize their victory the unorthodox were supposed to have already attributed it to St. Paul in epistles written for the purpose and issued under his name. This paradoxical theory of the origin of the Pauline letters cannot, of course, be historically proved, but it throws a glaring light upon the difficulties in which research finds itself when it assumes the existence of Greek thought in St. Paul.

ing about redemption which was assumed to be non-Je could not be carried through, and that there could be no tion of any explanation other than one provided by

At the time when this introductory examination

in print my exposition of the eschatological explanation of the thought world of St Paul was so near completion that I could have got it ready for the press within a few weeks. But these weeks were not at my disposal, since I had at once to begin the work needed for the state medical examination. Later on so much of my time was taken up by the thesis for the doctorate, and the revision of the *Quest of the Historical Jesus*, that I had to give up all hope of publishing this second part of my work on St. Paul before my departure for Africa.

In the autumn of 1912 when I was already busy shopping and packing I started working into the *Quest of Historical Jesus* the new books which had appeared on that subject since its publication, and recasting sections of the work which no longer satisfied me. I was especially concerned to set forth the late Jewish eschatology more thoroughly and better than I had been able to do before because I had ever since been constantly occupied with the subject, and besides that to analyze and discuss the works of John M. Robertson, William Benjamin Smith, James George Frazer, Arthur Drews, and others, who contested the historical existence of Jesus. Unfortunately the later English editions of my history are all based on the text of the first German one.

It is no hard matter to assert that Jesus never lived. The attempt to prove it, however, infallibly works round to produce the opposite conclusion.

In the Jewish literature of the first century the existence of Jesus is not satisfactorily attested, and in the Greek and Latin literature of the same period there is no evidence for it at all. Of the two passages in which the Jewish writer Josephus makes incidental mention of Jesus in his *Antiquities* one was undoubtedly interpolated by Christian copyists. The first pagan witness for His existence is Tacitus, who in the reign of Trajan, in the second decade of the second century A.D., reports in his *Annals* (XV. 44) that the founder of the sect of "Christians," which was accused by Nero of causing the great fire at Rome, was executed under the government of Tiberius by the Procurator of Judea, Pontius Pilate. Anyone, therefore, who is dissatisfied since Roman history only takes notice of the existence of Jesus because of the continuance of a Christian movement, and that, too, for the first time some eighty years after His death, and who is, further, bent on declaring the Gospels and St. Paul's Epistles to be not genuine, can con-

sider himself justified in refusing to recognize the historical existence of Jesus.

But that does not settle the matter. It still has to be explained when, where, and how Christianity came into existence without either Jesus or Paul; how it came, later on, to wish to trace its origins back to these invented historical personalities; and finally for what reasons it took the remarkable course of making these two founders members of the Jewish people. The Gospels and the Epistles of St. Paul can, indeed, be demonstrated to be not genuine only when it is made intelligible how they could have come into existence if they really were not genuine.

Of the difficulties of this task which has come to them the champions of the unhistorical character of Jesus take no account, and it is in an inconceivably frivolous way that they go to work. Though they differ from each other widely as to details, the method which they all apply attempts to reach a proof that there existed already in pre-Christian times, in Palestine or elsewhere in the East, a Christ cult or Jesus cult of a Gnostic character, the center of which, as in the cults of Adonis, Osiris, and Tammuz, is a god or demi-god who dies and rises again. Since we have no information about any such pre-Christian Christ cult, its existence must be made as probable as possible by a process of combination and fantasy. Thereon must follow a further act of imagination to the effect found at some time or other reasons for changing the object of their worship, the god who dies and rises again, into an historic human personality, and, in defiance of the facts known to the various circles of his believers, declaring his

claiming to have originated in a long past age of no longer verifiable events, lapsed into the mistake of dating its invented Jesus scarcely two or three generations back, and of allowing Him, moreover, to appear on the stage of history as a Jew among Jews.

As the last and hardest task of all, comes that of explaining the contents of the Gospels, in detail, as myth or history. If they keep to their theory, Drews, Erismann must actually maintain that the events

courses reported by Matthew and Mark are only the clothing of thoughts which that earlier mystery religion put forward. The fact that Arthur Drews and others try to establish this explanation by pressing into their service not only every myth they can discover but astronomy and astrology as well, shows what demands it makes upon the imagination.

It is clear, then, as a matter of fact, from the writings of those who dispute the historicity of Jesus that the hypothesis of His existence is a thousand times easier to prove than that of His nonexistence. That does not mean that the hopeless undertaking is being abandoned. Again and again books appear about the nonexistence of Jesus and find credulous readers, although they contain nothing new or going beyond Robertson, Smith, Drews, and the other classics of this literature, but have to be content with giving out as new what has already been said.

So far, indeed, as these attempts are meant to serve the cause of historical truth, they can defend themselves by claiming that such a rapid acceptance throughout the Greek world of a faith which sprang out of Judaism, as is recorded in the traditional history of the beginnings of Christianity, is incomprehensible without further confirmation, and that therefore a hearing may be claimed for the hypothesis of the derivation of Christianity from Greek thought. But the working out of this hypothesis is wrecked upon the fact that the Jesus of the two earlier Gospels has nothing whatever about Him which allows Him to be explained as a Hellenistic phenomenon. Moreover, with His plays a peculiarity

ogy which was needed for that purpose. Again, what interest

prudently take no account of the eschatological limitations of His thought and activities.

That before starting for Africa I was busy again with Bach was due to a request from Widor. The New York publisher, Mr. G. M. Schirmer, had asked him to prepare an edition of Bach's organ music with directions about the best rendering of it, and he agreed to do so on condition that I shared the work. Our collaboration took the form of my preparing rough drafts which we afterwards worked out together. What a number of times in 1911 and 1912 did I visit Paris for a day or two for this purpose! And Widor twice spent several days with me in Gunsbach that we might devote ourselves to the task in undisturbed quiet.

Although as a matter of principle we both disapproved of so-called "practical" editions which try to keep the player in tutelage, we nevertheless believed that for Bach's organ music advice was justifiable, since, with a few small exceptions, Bach has given for his organ compositions no directions at all about registration or about change of manuals, as composers for the organ have usually done since then. For the organists of his day this was indeed unnecessary. As a result of the character of their organs and of the traditional way of using them, the pieces were automatically rendered as Bach had intended. Soon after the master's death his organ compositions, which he had actually never published, were for a considerable period as good as forgotten. When, from the middle of the nineteenth century, thanks to the Peters' edition, they became known, musical taste and organs had both changed. People still knew what was the eighteenth-century tradition in playing. But they rejected this correct method of rendering the organ works of Bach as too simple and too plain, and believed they were acting in his spirit when they employed in the most generous measure possible the constant changes in registration and character

was

France was an exception. Widor, Guilman, and the rest held firmly to the old German tradition which they had received from the well-known organist, Adolph Friedrich Hesse (1802-1863), of Breslau. Till about the middle of the nineteenth century, indeed, there was in France no art of playing at all, because the organs which had been during the great Revolution had for the most part

ceived a minimum amount of restoration. But when Cavallé-

not know—I am repeating what Widor often told me—what to make of the art revealed in them, so perfect, and hitherto without parallel in France, with the further reason that the demands made on the player's pedal technique were something new to them. They had, therefore, to go abroad to learn what was required. And they all went—those who could not afford it partly at Cavallé-Coll's expense!—to have lessons from Lemmens, the well-known Brussels organist, who had been a pupil of Hesse's.

Adolph Friedrich Hesse had received the tradition of how to play Bach from his teacher, Kittel. At the inauguration of the newly built organ at St. Eustache's, in 1844, the Parisians heard for the first time, and thanks to him, Bach's organ music. In the years that followed he was also often invited to France that he might be heard at the inauguration of other organs. His playing at the International Exhibition in London in 1854 did much toward making Bach's music known in England.

To the old German tradition which they had learned from Hesse and Lemmens the French organists continued to hold fast not merely as a matter of artistic taste, but as one of actual practical necessity. For the organs built by Cavallé-Coll were not modern organs. They did not possess, like those of Germany, the arrangements which made possible such rich variation in the volume of the sound and its tone color. Hence the French organists were obliged to follow the classical method of playing which had been handed down to them. This, however, they did not feel as any drawback, because with the wonderful tone of their organs the Bach fugues could produce their full effect, as on the organs of Bach's own day, without resort to the special effects of registration.

Thus by an historical paradox the principles of the old German tradition were saved for the present age by Parisian masters of the organ, and this tradition also became known in detail when by degrees musicians again began to consult the theoretical works on their art preserved for us from the eighteenth century.

For anyone who looked out, as I did, for every possible opportunity of playing Bach on eighteenth-century organs these instruments, through what they showed to be technically possible or impossible and what to be musically effective or

ineffective, proved instructors in the authentic way of rendering the master's organ music.

As to the new edition which Widor and I were to produce, we considered our task to be that of showing to organists acquainted with modern organs only and therefore strangers to the organ style of Bach, what registration and what changes of keyboard had to be considered for any particular piece on the organs with which Bach had to reckon. After that, so we thought, we might suggest experiments to discover how far beyond that use could be made without spoiling the style, of the variations in the volume of sound and its tone colors which are desirable and possible on the modern organ. We thought good taste demanded that we should not insert in the musical score itself any of our own directions or suggestions, but should rather embody what we had to say about the pieces in short articles, prefixed in a body to the musical score and serving as an introduction to the volume. Thus the organist can learn what we advise, but be alone with Bach without any cicerone as soon as he turns to the piece he is going to play. Not even fingering or phrasing does he find prescribed by us.

Bach's fingering differs from ours in that, following older fashion, he crosses any finger over another, and therefore turns the thumb under much less frequently.

In pedaling Bach could not use the heel because the pedals of his day were so short; he had to produce every note with the point of the foot. Moreover the shortness of

When I was young I found the short pedal of the Bach period still existing in many old village organs. In Holland many pedals are even today so short that to use the heel is impossible.

In matters of phrasing what Widor and I had to say is given to the player in the introduction. Since I am continually annoyed by being compelled, with almost every edition of musical works, to have before my eyes the fingering, the phrasing, the fortés and pianos, the crescendos and decrescendos and not infrequently even the pedantic analyses of some or other, even when I entirely disagree with them, I :
on our observing the principle which, it is to

some day be universally acted on, that the player must have before his eyes in print as part of Bach's, or Mozart's, or Beethoven's music only what was written by the composer himself.

To concessions to modern taste and modern organs we at once found ourselves driven by the fact that on modern instruments Bach's organ music cannot be played as he intended. On the instruments of his day the forte and the fortissimo were at their fullest so soft that a piece could be played through even in the latter without the hearer being fatigued thereby or feeling any need of change. Similarly, Bach could give his hearers a continual forte with his orchestra. But on modern organs, the fortissimo is usually so loud and so harsh that the listener cannot endure it for more than a few moments. He is, further, not in a position, amid all the roar, to follow the individual lines of melody, though that is necessary for the understanding of a composition of Bach's. One is obliged, therefore, with modern organs to make tolerable for the listener by change of volume and tone color, long passages which Bach meant to be given in an unbroken forte or fortissimo.

But no *a priori* objection can be made to a greater variation in volume and gradations of tone than Bach could manage upon his organs, provided that the architecture of the piece is clearly perceptible, and gives no impression of unrest. Whereas Bach was satisfied to carry a fugue through with three or four variously toned degrees of loudness in alternation, we can allow ourselves six or eight. But the supreme rule must always be that in Bach's organ music sufficient prominence be given to the lines of melody, the effects that may be secured by the tone color being treated as of secondary importance. The organist must remind himself again and again that the listener to a composition of Bach's for the organ can have it really before his mind only when the lines of melody which move along side by side pass before him in absolute distinctness. That is why Widor and I in our edition insist again and again on the player's being before all else clear about the proper phrasing for the subjects and "motifs" of the piece, and then following this through in the minutest detail.

People cannot be reminded too often that on the organs of the seventeenth century it was not possible to play in as quick a tempo as one might wish to. The keys moved so

stiffly and had to be depressed so far, that a good *moderato* itself was something of an achievement. Since, then, Bach must have conceived his preludes and fugues in the moderate tempo in which they could be played on his own organs, we, too, must hold fast to this fact as giving us the tempo which is authentic and appropriate.

It is well known that Hesse, in accordance with the Bach tradition which had come down to him, used to play the organ compositions in an extremely quiet tempo.

If the wonderful animation of the Bach line of melody is properly brought out by perfect phrasing, the listener does not feel the rate of playing slow even if it keeps within the limits of a *moderato*.

Since on the organ it is impossible to accent individual notes, the phrasing must be worked out without any support from such accentuation. Plastic rendering of Bach on the organ means, therefore, giving listeners the illusion of accents through perfect phrasing. It is because this is not yet recognized as the first requirement of all organ playing in general and of the playing of Bach in particular, that one so seldom hears Bach's compositions satisfactorily rendered. And how perfectly plastic must the playing be, when it has further to triumph over the acoustic perils of a large church.

To organists, then, who are familiar only with the modern organ, Widor and I stand for an appropriate rendering of Bach's organ compositions which is in many respects new to them, in contrast to the modern showy style with which they are familiar. Along with this, we cannot but point out again and again how difficult it is to secure this style of rendering on the modern organ, which in respect of tone is so little suited to the purpose. We expected that the demands which Bach's works make on the organ would do more to popularize the ideal of the real, fine-toned organ than any number of essays on organ building. And we have not been disappointed.

It was only the first five volumes of the new edition containing the sonatas, the concertos, the preludes, and the fugues that we could complete before my departure for Africa. The three volumes containing the choral preludes we intended to complete during my first period of leave in Europe, on the foundation of rough drafts to be made by me in Africa.

By the publisher's desire our work was published in three languages. The divergencies between the French text, on the one hand, and the German, together with the English w^h

is based on it, on the other, arise from the fact that in respect of the details as to which our opinions differed, Widor and I had agreed that in the French edition his ideas, which fitted better the peculiarities of the French organs, should be dominant, while in the German and the English mine should, taking, as they did, more into account the character of the modern organ.

The outbreak of war so soon afterwards and the consequent disturbance of international dealings in the book trade, which still continues, have brought it about that our work, which was published in New York, was bought almost exclusively in English-speaking countries, for which, indeed, it was primarily designed. Its price was fixed on the dollar basis, and that alone made it after the war practically unsalable in Germany and France.

Owing to various circumstances, and because other tasks always got in the way, I have again and again been obliged to postpone the publication of the three volumes of choral preludes.

13. First Activities in Africa

1913 - 1917

IN the afternoon of Good Friday, 1913, my wife and I left Günsbach; in the evening of March 26th we embarked at Bordeaux.

At Lambaréné the missionaries gave us a very hearty welcome. They had unfortunately not been able to erect the little buildings of corrugated iron in which I was to begin my medical activity, for they had not secured the necessary laborers. The trade in okoume wood, which was just beginning to flourish in the Ogové district, offered any native who was fairly capable better paid work than he could find on the mission station. So at first I had to use as my consulting room an old fowl house close to our living quarters, but in the late autumn I was able to move to a corrugated-iron building down by the river, 26 feet long and 13 feet wide, with a roof of palm leaves. It contained a small consulting room, an operation room of similar proportions, and a still smaller dispensary. Round about this building there came gradually into existence a

number of large bamboo huts for the accommodation of the native patients. The white patients found quarters in the mission house and in the doctor's little bungalow.

From the very first days, before I had even found time to unpack the drugs and instruments, I was besieged by sick people. The choice of Lambaréné as the site of the hospital had been made on the strength of the map and the facts given us by Mr Morel, the missionary, a native of Alsace, and it proved to be in every respect a happy one. From a distance of one to two hundred miles around, from upstream or downstream, the sick could be brought to me in canoes along the Ogowé and its affluents. The chief diseases I had to deal with were malaria, leprosy, sleeping sickness, dysentery, frambesia, and phagedenic ulcers, but I was surprised at the number of cases of pneumonia and heart disease which I discovered. There was much work too with urinary diseases. Surgical treatment was called for chiefly by hernia and elephantiasis tumors. Hernia is much commoner among the natives in Equatorial Africa than among us white people. If there is no medical man in the neighborhood, every year sees a number of unfortunate mortals doomed to die a painful death from *strangulated hernia from which a timely operation might have saved them*. My first surgical intervention was in a case of that kind.

Thus I had during the very first weeks full opportunity for establishing the fact that physical misery among the natives is not less but even greater than I had supposed. How glad I was that in defiance of all objections I had carried out my plan of going out there as a doctor.

Great was the joy of Dr Nassau, the aged founder of the mission station at Lambaréné, when I sent to him in America the news that it was once more supplied with a doctor.

At first I was much hindered in my work by being unable to find natives who could serve as interpreters and orderlies. The first who showed himself worth anything was one who had been a cook, Joseph Azoawani by name, who stayed with

refuse as patients those whose lives, so far as we could see, we were not likely to save. Again and again he held up to me the example of the fetish doctors who would have nothing to

with such cases, in order to endanger as little as possible their reputation as helpers

But on one point I had later to admit that he was right. One must never, when dealing with primitives, hold out hopes of recovery to the patient and his relatives, if the case is really hopeless. If death occurs without warning of it having been given, it is concluded that the doctor did not know the disease would have this outcome because he had not diagnosed it correctly. To native patients one must tell the truth without reservation. They wish to know it and they can endure it, for death is to them something natural. They are not afraid of it, but face it calmly. If after all the patient unexpectedly recovers, so much the better for the doctor's reputation. He ranks thereafter as one who can cure even fatal diseases.

Valiant help was given in the hospital by my wife, who had been trained as a nurse. She looked after the severe cases, superintended the linen and the bandages, was often busy in the dispensary, kept the instruments in proper condition, made all the preparations for the operations, herself then administering the anesthetics, while Joseph acted as assistant. That she managed successfully the complicated work of an African household, and yet could find every day some hours to spare for the hospital was really a wonderful achievement.

To induce the natives to submit to operations needed no great skill in persuasion from me. A few years before a Government doctor, Jauré-Guibert by name, had stayed for a short time at Lambaréné on one of his journeys and performed some successful operations, on the strength of which my very modest surgical skill met with a trustful reception. Fortunately I did not lose a single one of those patients on whom I first operated.

At the end of a few months of work the hospital had to find every day accommodations for about forty patients. I had, however, to provide shelter not only for these but for the companions who had brought them long distances in canoes, and who stayed with them in order to paddle them back home again.

The actual work, heavy as it was, I found a lighter burden than the care and responsibility which came with it. I belong unfortunately to the number of those medical men who have not the robust temperament which is desirable in that calling, and so are consumed with unceasing anxiety about the condition of their severe cases and of those on whom they have operated. In vain have I tried to train myself to that equanim-

ity which makes it possible for a doctor, in spite of all his sympathy with the sufferings of his patients, to husband, as is desirable, his spiritual and nervous energy.

So far as the rule could be carried out, I used to exact from my native patients some tangible evidence of their gratitude for the help they had received. Again and again I used to remind them that they enjoyed the blessing of the hospital because so many people in Europe had made sacrifices to provide it; it was, therefore, now on their part a duty to give all the help they could to keep it going. Thus I gradually got it established as a custom that in return for the medicines given I received gifts of money, bananas, poultry, or eggs. What thus came in was, of course, far below the value of what had been received, but it was a contribution to the upkeep of the hospital. With the bananas I could feed the sick whose pro-

educational value of the exaction of a gift I have been only strengthened by later experience. Of course no gift was exacted from the very poor and the old—and among the primitives age always connotes poverty.

The real savages among them had a quite different conception of a present. When on the point of leaving the hospital cured, they used to demand one from me, because I had now become their friend.

In my intercourse with these primitive creatures I naturally came to put to myself the much debated question whether they were mere prisoners of tradition, or beings capable of really independent thought. In the conversations I had with them I found to my astonishment that they were far more interested in the elementary questions about the meaning of life and the nature of good and evil than I had supposed.

As I had expected, the questions of dogma on which the Missionary Society's committee in Paris had laid so much weight played practically no part in the sermons of the missionaries. If they wanted to be understood by their people they could do nothing beyond preaching the simple message of becoming freed from the world by the Gospel which comes to us in the Sermon on the Mount, the finest sayings of St. Paul. Necessity

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Indignation inhumane ideas which were publicly disseminated, but accepted them, and that it approved of, as opportune, inhumane courses of action taken by governments and nations. Even for what was just and expedient as well there seemed to me to be only a lukewarm zeal available. From a number of signs I had to infer the growth of a peculiar intellectual and spiritual fatigue in this generation which is so proud of what it has accomplished. It seemed as if I heard its members arguing to each other that their previous hopes for the future of mankind had been pitched too high, and that it was becoming necessary to limit oneself to striving for what was attainable. The slogan which was given out for all countries, *Realpolitik*, meant the approbation of a shortsighted nationalism, and compromises with forces and tendencies which had been resisted hitherto as hostile to progress. One of the clearest indications of decline for me was the fact that superstition, which had hitherto been banished from educated circles, was again thought fit for admission to society.

When about the end of the century men began to take a retrospective review of every field of human activity in order to determine and fix the value of their achievements, this was done with an optimism which to me was incomprehensible. It seemed to be assumed everywhere not only that we had made progress in inventions and knowledge, but also that in the intellectual and ethical spheres we lived and moved at a height which we had never before reached, and from which we should never decline. My own impression was that in our mental and spiritual life we were not only below the level of past generations, but were in many respects only living on their achievements . . . and that not a little of this heritage was beginning to melt away in our hands.

occupied with another book, which I entitled *Wir Epigonen* ("We Inheritors of a Past"). I often put before friends the thoughts contained in it, but they usually took them as just interesting paradoxes and manifestations of a *fin-de-siècle* pessimism. After that I kept my ideas strictly to myself, and only in sermons allowed my doubts about our civilization and our spirituality to find expression.

And now war was raging as a result of the downfall of civilization.

within nations and within mankind can be traced to spiritual causes contained in the prevailing attitude toward life.

But what is civilization?

We may take as the essential element in civilization the ethical perfecting of the individual and of society as well. But at the same time, every spiritual and every material step in advance has a significance for civilization. The will to civilization is then the universal will to progress which is conscious of the ethical as the highest value for all. In spite of the great importance we attach to the triumphs of knowledge and achievement, it is nevertheless obvious that only a humanity which is striving after ethical ends can in full measure share in the blessings brought by material progress and become master of the dangers which accompany it. To the generation which had adopted a belief in an immanent power of progress realizing itself, in some measure, naturally and automatically, and which thought that it no longer needed any ethical ideals but could advance to its goal by means of knowledge and achievement alone, terrible proof was being given by its present position of the error into which it had sunk.

The only possible way out of chaos is for us to come once more under the control of the ideals of true civilization through the adoption of an attitude toward life that contains those ideals.

But what is the nature of the attitude toward life in which the will to general progress and to ethical progress are alike founded and in which they are bound together?

It consists in an ethical affirmation of the world and of life.

triumphs in knowledge and power and to the improvement of man's outer life and of society as a whole is mere folly. It teaches that the only sensible line of conduct for a man is to withdraw entirely into himself and to concern himself solely with the deepening of his inner life. He has to do with what may become of human society and of The deepening of one's inner life, as Indian thought

Then, little by little, the affirmative attitude that is already germinating among the peoples as a result of the Great Migration begins to manifest itself. The Renaissance proclaims its freedom from the medieval contempt for the world and for

and through it to gain as its ideal the realization of a spiritual and ethical world within the natural.

The striving for material and spiritual progress, therefore, which characterizes the people of modern Europe, has its source in the attitude toward the world to which these people have come. As a result of the Renaissance and the spiritual and religious movements bound up with it, men have entered on a new relation to themselves and to the world, and this has aroused in them a need to create by their own activities spiritual and material values which shall help to a higher development of individuals and of mankind. It is not the case that the man of modern Europe is enthusiastic for progress because he may hope to get some personal advantage from it. He is less concerned about his own condition than about the happiness which he hopes will be the lot of coming generations. Euthusiasm for progress has taken possession of him. Impressed by his great experience of finding the world revealed to him as constituted and maintained by forces which carry out a definite design, he himself wills to become an active, purposeful force in the world. He looks with confidence toward new and better times which shall dawn for mankind, and learns by experience that the ideas which are held and acted upon by the mass of people do win power over circumstances and remold them.

It is on his will to material progress, acting in union with the will to ethical progress, that the foundations of modern civilization are being laid.

There is an essential relationship between the modern European attitude of ethical affirmation toward the world and life and that of Zarathustra and of Chinese thought, as the latter meets us in the writings of Kung-tse (Confucius), Meng-tse (Mencius), Mi-tse (Micius), and the other ethical thinkers of China. In each of these we can

masonry which it had taken in hand showed themselves too weak to support the building.

With my apparently abstract yet absolutely practical thinking about the connection of civilization with philosophy, I had come to see the decay of civilization as a result of the inexorable weakening of the traditional modern attitude of ethical affirmation toward the world and life. It had become clear to me that, like so many other people, I had clung to that attitude from inner necessity without troubling at all about how far it could really be proved by thought.

I had got so far during the summer of 1915. But what was to come next?

Could the difficulty be solved which till now had seemed insoluble? Or had we to regard the attitude through which alone civilization is possible as an illusion within us which never ceases to stir our hearts yet never really gets dominion over us?

To continue holding it up to our generation as something to be believed seemed to me foolish and hopeless. Only if it offers itself to us as something arising from thought can it become spiritually our own.

At bottom I am convinced that the inner connection between the affirmative attitude and ethics, declared to be part of the concept of civilization which had hitherto proved impossible to demonstrate fully, had come from a presentiment of the truth. So it was necessary to undertake to grasp as a necessity of thought by fresh, simple, and sincere thinking the truth which had hitherto been only suspected and believed in although so often proclaimed as proved.

In undertaking this I seemed to myself to be like a man who has to build a new and better boat to replace a rotten one in which he can no longer venture to trust himself to the sea, and yet does not know how to begin.

For months on end I lived in a continual state of mental excitement. Without the least success I let my thinking be concentrated, even all through my daily work at the hospital, on the real nature of the affirmative attitude and of ethics, and on the question of what they have in common. I was wandering about in a thicket in which no path was to be found. I was leaning with all my might against an iron door which would not yield.

All that I had learned from philosophy about the Good came in the lurch. The conceptions of the Good

offered were all so lifeless, so unelemental, so narrow, and so destitute of content that it was quite impossible to bring them into union with the affirmative attitude. Moreover philosophy could be said never to have concerned itself with the problem of the connection between civilization and attitude toward the world. The modern concept of progress had become to it such a matter of course that it had felt no need for coming to clear ideas about it.

To my surprise I had also to recognize the fact that the central province of philosophy, into which meditation on civilization and attitude toward the world had led me, was practically unexplored land. Now from this point, now from that, I tried to penetrate to its interior, but again and again I had to give up the attempt. I was already exhausted and disheartened. I saw, indeed, the conception needed before me, but I could not grasp it and give it expression.

While in this mental condition I had to undertake a longish journey on the river. I was staying with my wife on the coast at Cape Lopez for the sake of her health—it was in September, 1915—when I was summoned to visit Madame Pelot, the ailing wife of a missionary, at N'Gômô, about 160 miles upstream. The only means of conveyance I could find was a small steamer, towing an overladen barge, which was on the point of starting. Except myself, there were only natives on board, but among them was Emil Ogouma, my friend from Lambaréné. Since I had been in too much of a hurry to provide myself with enough food for the journey, they let me share the contents of their cooking pot. Slowly we crept upstream, laboriously feeling—it was the dry season—for the channels between the sandbanks. Lost in thought I sat on the deck of the barge, struggling to find the elementary and universal conception of the ethical which I had not discovered in any philosophy. Sheet after sheet I covered with disconnected sentences, merely to keep myself concentrated on the problem. Late on the third day, at the very moment when, at sunset, we were making our way through a herd of hippopotamuses, there flashed upon my mind, unforeseen and unsought, the phrase, "Reverence for Life." The iron door had yielded: the path in the thicket had become visible. Now I had found my way to the idea in which affirmation of the world and ethics are contained side by side! Now I knew that the ethical acceptance of the world and of life, together with the ideals of civilization contained in this concept, has a foundation in thought.

What is Reverence for Life, and how does it arise in us?

If man wishes to reach clear notions about himself and his relation to the world, he must ever again and again be looking away from the manifold, which is the product of his thought and knowledge, and reflect upon the first, the most immediate, and the continually given fact of his own consciousness. Only if he starts from this given fact can he achieve a rational view.

Descartes makes thinking start from the sentence "I think; so I must exist" (*Cogito, ergo sum*), and with his beginning thus chosen he finds himself irretrievably on the road to the abstract. Out of this empty, artificial act of thinking there can result, of course, nothing which bears on the relation of man to himself, and to the universe. Yet in reality the most immediate act of consciousness has some content. To think means to think something. The most immediate fact of man's consciousness is the assertion. "I am life which wills to live, in the midst of life which wills to live," and it is as will-to-live in the midst of will-to-live that man conceives himself during every moment that he spends in meditating on himself and the world around him.

As in my will-to-live there is ardent desire for further life and for the mysterious exaltation of the will-to-live which we call pleasure, while there is fear of destruction and of that mysterious depreciation of the will-to-live which we call pain: so too are these in the will-to-live around me, whether it can express itself to me, or remains dumb.

Man has now to decide what his relation to his will-to-live shall be. He can deny it. But if he bids his will-to-live change into will-not-to-live, as is done in Indian and indeed in all pessimistic thought, he involves himself in self-contradiction. He raises to the position of his philosophy of life something unnatural, something which is in itself untrue, and which cannot be carried to completion. Indian thought, and

actually to put an end to physical existence.

If man affirms his will-to-live, he acts naturally. He confirms an act which has already been accomplished in his instinctive thought by repeating it in his thought. The beginning of thought, a beginning

tinually repeats itself, is that man does not simply accept his existence as something given, but experiences it as something unfathomably mysterious. Affirmation of life is the spiritual act by which man ceases to live unreflectively and begins to devote himself to his life with reverence in order to raise it to its true value. To affirm life is to deepen, to make more inward, and to exalt the will-to-live

At the same time the man who has become a thinking being feels a compulsion to give to every will-to-live the same reverence for life that he gives to his own. He experiences that other life in his own. He accepts as being good: to preserve life, to promote life, to raise to its highest value life which is capable of development; and as being evil: to destroy life, to injure life, to repress life which is capable of development. This is the absolute, fundamental principle of the moral, and it is a necessity of thought.

The great fault of all ethics hitherto has been that they believed themselves to have to deal only with the relations of man to man. In reality, however, the question is what is his attitude to the world and all life that comes within his reach. A man is ethical only when life, as such, is sacred to him, that of plants and animals as that of his fellow men, and when he devotes himself helpfully to all life that is in need of help. Only the universal ethic of the feeling of responsibility in an ever-widening sphere for all that lives—only that ethic can be founded in thought. The ethic of the relation of man to man is not something apart by itself—it is only a particular relation which results from the universal one.

The ethic of Reverence for Life, therefore, comprehends within itself everything that can be described as love, devotion, and sympathy whether in suffering, joy, or effort.

The world, however, offers us the horrible drama of Will-to-Live divided against itself. One existence holds its own at the cost of another: one destroys another. Only in the thinking man has the Will-to-Live become conscious of other will-to-live, and desirous of solidarity with it. This solidarity, however, he cannot completely bring about, because man is subject to the puzzling and horrible law of being obliged to live at

mitted to preserve his humanity, and to be able to bring to other existences release from their sufferings

Reverence for Life arising from the Will-to-Live that has become reflective therefore contains affirmation of life and ethics inseparably combined. It aims to create values, and to realize progress of different kinds which shall serve the material, spiritual, and ethical development of men and mankind. While the unthinking modern acceptance of life stumbles about with its ideals of power won by discovery and invention, the acceptance of life based on reason sets up the spiritual and ethical perfecting of mankind as the highest ideal, and an ideal from which alone all other ideals of progress get their real value

Through ethical acceptance of the world and of life, we reach a power of reflection which enables us to distinguish

progress in knowledge and power true civilization has become not easier but harder. The problem of the mutual relationship between the spiritual and the material dawns upon us. We know that we all have to struggle with circumstances to preserve our humanity, and that we must be anxiously concerned to turn once more toward hope of victory the almost hopeless struggle which many carry on to preserve their humanity amid unfavorable social circumstances

A deepened, ethical will to progress which springs from thought will lead us back, then, out of uncivilization and its misery to true civilization. Sooner or later there must dawn the true and final Renaissance which will bring peace to the world.

Now there stood out clearly before my mind the plan of the whole Philosophy of Civilization. It divided itself as if automatically into four parts: (1) On the present lack of civilization and its causes; (2) a discussion of the idea of Reverence for Life in connection with the attempts made in the past by European philosophy to provide a foundation for an affirmative ethical attitude toward the world; (3) exposition of the concept of Reverence for Life; (4) the civilized state

The writing of the second part, the description of European philosophy's tragic struggle to attain an ethical acceptance of the world, was forced upon me by

necessity I felt for getting to know the problem I was dealing with in its historical development, and of comprehending the solution I offered as the synthesis of all previous ones. That I once more succumbed to this temptation I have never regretted. Through my coming to an understanding of other thought, my own became clearer.

Some of the philosophical works needed for this historical task I had by me. What others I needed were sent to me by J. Strohl, professor of zoology at Zurich, and his wife. And the well-known Bach singer, Robert Kaufmann of Zurich, whom I had so often accompanied on the organ, made it his business, with the help of the Office des Internés Civils at Geneva, to keep me, as well as might be, in touch with the world.

Without haste I put on paper, one after another, rough drafts in which I collected and sifted the material without reference to the structure of the treatise already planned. Along with that I began to write out single sections in full. I felt it every day to be a great mercy that while others had to be killing, I could not only save life but even work as well to bring nearer the coming of the Era of Peace.

Fortunately my supply of drugs and bandages did not give out, for by one of the last boats which arrived before the outbreak of war I had received a big supply of all necessary things.

The rainy season of 1916-1917 we spent on the coast, because my wife's health had suffered from the sultry air of Lambaréné. A timber merchant placed at our disposal a house at Chienga near Cape Lopez at the mouth of one of the branches of the Ogowé. It was the home of the man who looked after his timber rafts, but as a consequence of the war it now stood empty. In return for his kindness I joined those of his native laborers who were still on the spot in the work of rolling on to dry land the many okoume logs which had been already tied together in rafts, so that during the long interval which might elapse before cargoes could again be shipped to Europe they should not fall victims to the borer-worm (*Teredo navalis*). This heavy work—we often needed hours to roll up onto the shore one of these logs weighing from two to three tons—was only possible at high tide. When the tide was out, I sat at my Philosophy of Civilization, so far as my time was not claimed by patients.

14. Garaison and St. Rémy

IN September, 1917, just after I had resumed my work in Lambaréné, the order was issued that we were to be taken at once, in a ship which was just due, to Europe, to be placed in a camp for prisoners of war. Fortunately the ship was a few days late, so that we had time, with the help of the missionaries and a few natives, to pack our belongings in cases, the drugs and instruments as well, and to stow them all in a small building of corrugated iron.

The taking with me of the sketches for the *Philosophy of Civilization* was not to be thought of. They might have been confiscated at any customs examination. I therefore entrusted them to the American missionary, Mr. Ford, who was just then working at Lambaréné. He—as he admitted to me—

be saved, I spent two nights making a summary of it in French, containing the leading ideas of the whole, and the order of the parts already finished. That it might appear to the censors who would have to deal with it to be remote from actual life and therefore inoffensive, I inserted suitable chapter headings and made it look like an historical study of the Renaissance. I did in fact thus secure its escape from the confiscation which on several occasions threatened it.

Two days before our departure I had to operate with all haste, amid packed and half-packed cases, on a strangled hernia.

Just as we had been taken on board the river steamer, and the natives were shouting to us an affectionate farewell from the bank, the father superior of the Catholic came on board, waved aside with an authoritative native soldiers who tried to prevent his approach, and put his hands with us: "You shall not leave this country,

"without my thanking you both for all the good that you have done it." We were never to see each other again. Shortly after the war he lost his life on board the *Afrique*, the ship which took us to Europe, when she was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay.

At Cape Lopez a white man, whose wife I had once had as a patient, crept up to me and offered me some money in case I had none. How thankful I was now for the gold which I had taken with me on the chance of war breaking out! An hour before we started I had visited an English timber merchant whom I knew well, and had exchanged it advantageously for French notes, which my wife and I now carried sewn into our clothing.

On the liner we were given in charge to a white N.C.O., who had to see that we had no intercourse with anyone except the steward definitely assigned to us, and who at certain appointed hours took us on deck. Since writing was impossible, I filled up my time with learning by heart some of Bach's fugues, and Widor's Sixth Organ Symphony.

Our steward—whose name, if I remember right, was Gaillard—was very good to us. Toward the end of the voyage he asked us whether we had noticed that he had treated us with a kindness rarely shown to prisoners. "Your meals," he told us somewhat pompously, "I always served with everything quite clean, and there was not more dirt in your cabin than in the others" (a quite correct expression in view of the very relative cleanliness that was the rule on the African ships during the war). "Can you guess," he continued, "why I did this? Certainly not because I expected a good tip. One never expects that from prisoners. Why then? I'll tell you. A few months ago a Mr. Gaucher, whom you had had for months as a patient in your hospital, traveled home in this ship in one of my cabins. Gaillard, he said to me, it may happen that before long you will be taking the Lambaréné doctor to Europe as a prisoner. If he ever does travel on your ship, and should you be able to help him in any way, do so for my sake. Now you know why I treated you well."

At Bordeaux we were put for three weeks in the Caserne de Passage (temporary barracks)¹ in the Rue de Belleville, in which during the war interned foreigners were lodged.

¹ Used normally for troops on their way to or from the colonies—
TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

There I at once developed dysentery. Fortunately I had in my baggage some *emetin* with which I fought it, but I was destined to suffer for a long time afterwards from its sequelae.

We were taken next to the great internment camp at Garaison in the Pyrenees. The order to hold ourselves ready for departure during the night we mistakenly failed to interpret as meaning the immediately succeeding night, so we had packed nothing when about midnight two gendarmes came with a carriage to take us away. As they were angry at what they supposed to be our disobedience, and packing by the light of one miserable candle was a very slow proceeding, they got impatient, and wanted to take us off, leaving our baggage behind. Finally, however, they had pity on us, and themselves helped to collect our possessions and to stuff them into our trunks. Often since then has the recollection of these two gendarmes made me behave patiently with others, when I felt that impatience was justifiable!

When we were delivered at Garaison, and the NCO on guard inspected our baggage, he stumbled on a French translation of the *Politics* of Aristotle, which, with a view to the work on the Philosophy of Civilization I had brought with me. "Why, it's incredible!" he stormed. "They're actually bringing political books into a prisoner-of-war camp!" I shyly remarked to him, that the book was written long before the birth of Christ. "Is that true, you scholar there?" he asked of a soldier who was standing near. The latter corroborated my statement. "What! People talked politics as long ago as that, did they?" he questioned back. On our answering in the affirmative, he gave his decision: "Anyhow, we talk them differently today from what they did then, and, so far as I am concerned, you can keep your book."

Garaison (Provençal for *guérison*, healing) was once a large monastery to which sick people made pilgrimages from long distances. After the separation of Church and State it stood empty, and was in a state of decay when, at the outbreak of war, hundreds of nationals of enemy states, men, women, and children were housed in it. In the course of a twelvemonth it was put into comparatively good condition by artisans who happened to be among those interned. The governor, when we were there, was a retired colonial officer named Vecchi, a theosophist, who carried out his duty only with fairness but with kindness, a fact which I more gratefully recognized because his manner was so strict and harsh.

profession and had found their way to Garaizon from the kitchens of the first-class hotels and restaurants of Paris! The matter came before the governor, and when he asked the rebels which of them were cooks, it turned out that there was not a single cook among them! Their leader was a shoemaker, and the others had such trades as tailoring, hatmaking, basket-weaving, or brushmaking. In their previous camp, however, they had applied themselves to do the cooking and declared that they had mastered the art of preparing food in large quantities so that it was just as tasty as when prepared in small quantities. With Solomon-like wisdom the governor decided that they should take over the kitchen for a fortnight as an experiment. If they did better than the others, they should keep the posts. Otherwise they would be put under lock and key as disturbers of the peace. On the very first day they proved with potatoes and cabbage that they had not claimed too much, and every succeeding day was a new triumph. So the noncooks were created "Cooks," and the professional cooks were turned out of the kitchen! When I asked the shoemaker what was the secret of their success, he replied "One must know all sorts of things, but the most important is to do the cooking with love and care." So now, if I learn that once more someone has been appointed minister of some department about the work of which he knows nothing, I do not get as excited over it as I used to, but screw myself up to the hope that he will prove just as fit for his job as the Garaizon shoemaker proved to be for his.

I was, strange to say, the only medical man among the interned. When we came the governor had strictly forbidden me to have anything to do with the sick, since that was the business of the official camp doctor, an old country practitioner from the neighborhood. Later on, however, he thought it only just that I should be allowed to let the camp benefit by my professional knowledge as it did by that of the dentists, of whom there were several among us. He even placed at my disposal a room which I could use for the purpose. As my baggage contained chiefly drugs and instruments, which the sergeant had let me retain after the inspection, I had available

I gave to the Philosophy of Civilization (I was then . . .

ing the chapters on the civilized state), and practicing ¹ organ on table and floor.

As a medical man I got a glimpse of the manifold misery that prevailed in the camp. The worst off were those who suffered psychically under the confinement. From the moment when we could go down into the courtyard till the trumpet signal which at dusk drove us out of it, they kept walking round and round looking out over the walls at the glorious white shimmering chain of the Pyrenees. They had no longer inner energy enough to occupy themselves with anything. If it rained, they stood apathetically about in the passages. Most of them, moreover, were suffering from malnutrition, because with the lapse of time they had contracted a distaste for the monotonous fare, although it was, for a prisoner-of-war camp, not in itself bad. Many suffered, too, from the cold, since most of the rooms could not be heated. For these people, weakened in body and soul, the slightest ailment meant a real illness which it was very hard to get at and treat correctly. In many cases the depression was sustained by lamentation over their loss of the position which they had secured in a foreign land. They did not know where to go nor what to do when the gates of Garaison should open and let them out. Many had married French wives and had children who could speak nothing but French. Could they expect these to leave their homes, or could they condemn themselves, after the war, to a renewal, in the foreign land, of their previous struggle for tolerance and employment?

In the courtyard and the corridors there were daily battles among these pale, cold children of the internment camp, most of whom were French-speaking. Some were for the Entente, some were on the side of the Central Powers.

To anyone who kept in some measure healthy and vigorous the camp offered much that was interesting, owing to the fact that people from many nations and of almost every calling were to be found there. Housed in it were scholars and artists, especially painters, who had been caught in Paris by the war; German and Austrian shoemakers and ladies' tailors, who had been employed by the big Paris firms; bank directors, hotel managers, waiters, engineers, architects, artisans, and businessmen who had made their homes in France and her colonies, Catholic missionaries and members of religious orders from the Sahara, wearing white clothing with the red fez; traders from Liberia and other districts of the West

Coast of Africa; merchants and commercial travelers from North America, South America, China, and India who had been taken prisoner on the high seas; the crews of German and Austrian merchantmen who had suffered the same fate; Turks, Arabians, Greeks, and nationals of the Balkan States, who had for various reasons been deported in the course of operations in the East, and among them Turks with wives who went about veiled. What a motley picture did the courtyard offer twice a day when the roll was called!

To improve one's education he needed no books in the camp. For everything he could want to learn there were men with specialized knowledge at his disposal, and of this unique opportunity for learning I made liberal use. About banking, architecture, factory building and equipment, cereal growing, furnace building, and many other things I picked up information which I should probably never have acquired elsewhere.

Perhaps the worst sufferers were the artisans, thus condemned to idleness. When my wife secured some material for a warm dress, quite a number of tailors offered to make it for nothing, merely in order to have some cloth in their hands between their fingers. of the e who

knew something about agriculture but by many who were not accustomed to physical work of any sort. The least eagerness for activity was really shown by the numerous sailors. Their mode of life on board ship had taught them how to pass the time together in the most unassuming way.

At the beginning of 1918 we were informed that a cer-

civil population of Belgium were rescinded. We were all advised to send this news home, so that our relatives might do what was necessary to save us from this fate. "Notables," i.e., bank directors, hotel managers, merchants, scholars, artists, and such folk, were chosen because it was assumed that such a fate would attract more attention in their home districts than it would if inflicted on members of the obscure majority. This proclamation brought to light the fact that among our notables were many persons who were not such at all. Headwaiters, when delivered here, had given their professional hotel directors so as to count for something in the

assistants had elevated themselves to the rank of merchants. Now they bewailed to everyone they met the danger which threatened them on account of the rank they had assumed. However, all ended well. The measures taken against the Belgians were rescinded and Garaison's notables, whether genuine or fictitious, had for the present no reprisals camp to be afraid of.

When, after a long and severe winter, spring at last came, there came also an order that my wife and I were to be sent to a camp at St Rémy de Provence, which was intended for Alsatians only. In vain had we begged for the rescinding of this order: the governor that he might keep his camp doctor, and we that we might remain in the camp where we had made ourselves at home.

At the end of March we were transferred to St. Rémy. The camp was not as cosmopolitan as that at Garaison, and was occupied chiefly by teachers, foresters, and railway employees. But I met there many people whom I knew among them the

The rule of the governor, a retired police commissioner from Marseilles named Bagnaud, was fairly mild. Characteristic of his jovial temperament was the answer he used to give to the question whether such and such a thing were allowed. "*Rien n'est permis! Mais il y a des choses qui sont tolérées, si vous montrez raisonnables!*" ("Nothing is allowed! But there are certain things which are tolerated, if you show yourselves reasonable!") Since he could not pronounce my name he used to call me Monsieur Albert.

The first time I entered the big room on the ground floor which was our dayroom, it struck me as being, in its unadorned and bare ugliness, strangely familiar. Where, then, had I seen that iron stove, and the flue pipe crossing the room from end to end? The mystery was solved at last. I knew them from a drawing of Van Gogh's. The building in which we were housed, once a monastery in a walled-in garden, had till recently been occupied by sufferers from nervous or mental disease. Among them at one time was Van Gogh, who immortalized with his pencil the desolate room in which today we in our turn were sitting about. Like us, he had suffered from

the cold stone floor when the mistral blew! Like us, he had walked round and round between the high garden walls!

As one of the interned was a doctor, I had at first nothing to do with the sick, and could sit the whole day over the sketches for the volume on the Civilized State. When, later on, my colleague was exchanged and allowed to go home, I became camp doctor, but the work was not as heavy here as at Garaison.

The bleak winds of Provence did not suit my wife, who in the mountain air of Garaison had improved considerably in health. And she could not get accustomed to the stone floors I, too, felt far from well. Ever since my attack of dysentery at Bordeaux I had been conscious of a continually increasing languor, which I tried in vain to master. I easily got tired, and found myself unable, as did my wife also, to join in the walks which on fixed days the inmates of the camp were allowed to take in charge of soldiers. The walks were always at a rapid pace because the prisoners wanted to get as much exercise out of them as possible, and to go as far from camp as time permitted.

We were thankful indeed that on those days the governor used to take us and other weaklings out himself.

15. Back in Alsace

FOR my wife's sake, who suffered much from the confinement and from homesickness, I was glad indeed when, about the middle of July, it was disclosed to me that we were all, or nearly all, going to be exchanged, and should be able in a few days to return home through Switzerland. My wife did not learn, fortunately, that my name was missing from the list of those to be released which the governor had received. During the night of July 12th we were roused, a telegraphic order having been received that we should at once make our preparations for departure, and this time every name was on the list. As the sun rose we dragged our baggage into the courtyard for the examination. The sketches for the Philosophy of Civilization which I had put on paper here and at Garaison, and had already laid before the camp censor, I was allowed to take with me when he had put his stamp upon a number of pages. As the convoy passed through the

grinders, tramps, and gypsies, who were also being exchanged.

At the Swiss frontier our train was held up for a considerable time till a telegram brought the news that the train conveying those for whom we were being exchanged had also reached the Swiss frontier.

Early on July 15th we arrived at Zurich. To my astonishment I was called out of the train by Arnold Meyer, the professor of theology, Robert Kaufmann, the singer, and other friends who had gathered to welcome me. They had known for weeks that I should be coming! During the journey to Constance we stood the whole time at the windows and could not see enough of the well cultivated fields and the clean houses of Switzerland. *We could hardly grasp the fact that we had got into a land that had no experience of the war.*

Dreadful was the impression we received in Constance. Here we had before our eyes for the first time the starvation of which till then we had only known by hearsay. None but pale, emaciated people in the streets! How wearily they went about! It was surprising that they could still stand!

My wife got permission to go to Strasbourg at once with

from the air the city had to be completely dark. I could not hope to reach the distant garden suburb where my wife's parents lived, and I had much trouble in finding the way to Frau Fischer's house near St. Thomas'.

Since Gunsbach was within the sphere of military operations, many visits and many entreaties were needed to get me permission to try to find my father. Trains still ran as far as Colmar, but the ten miles from there toward the Vosges had to be done on foot.

From here there were

I was allotted two women's wards in the department for diseases of the skin. At the same time I was appointed once more curate at St. Nicholas'. I also am deeply indebted to the Chapter of St. Thomas' for placing at my disposal the unoccupied parsonage belonging to the church on the Nicholas Embankment, although, being only curate, I had no claim on it.

After the Armistice, under the terms of which Alsace passed from German rule to French, I had for a time to carry on the services at St. Nicholas' by myself. Mr. Gerold, who on account of his anti-German utterances had been removed from his post by the German administration, had not yet been reappointed by the French, and Mr. Ernst, the successor to Mr. Knittel, had been compelled to resign because he was not sufficiently well disposed to the French.

During the Armistice period and the two following years I was to the customs officials at the Rhine Bridge a well-known personality, because I frequently went over to Kehl with a rucksack full of provisions in order to send some from there to starving friends in Germany. I made a special point of helping in this way Frau Cosima Wagner and the aged painter Hans Thoma, together with his sister Agatha. Hans Thoma I had known for years through Frau Charlotte Schumm, whose late husband and he had been young men together.

16. Physician and Preacher in Strasbourg

DURING the little free time which my two posts left me, I occupied myself with Bach's preludes that I might immediately get ready for the press the manuscript I had drafted in Lambaréné for the three last volumes of the American edition, should it ever again come into my possession. But as the parcel seemed never to be coming and the American publisher, too, showed no desire to begin publication at once, I put this work on one side and took up again the *Philosophy of Civilization*. Nor have I ever yet, in spite of the pressure brought to bear on me by the once more enterprising publisher, managed to bring out the three volumes of choral preludes.

While waiting for the *Philosophy of C*

far it represents ethical acceptance of the world as providing the impulse to civilization, so now I sought to make clear to what extent acceptance and rejection of the world and ethics are contained in Judaism and Christianity, in Islam, in the religion of Zarathustra, in Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Hinduism, and in the religious side of Chinese thought. In this investigation I found full confirmation of my view that civilization is based upon ethical acceptance of the world.

The religions which decisively deny the world and life (Brahmanism and Buddhism) show no interest in civilization. The Judaism of the prophetic period, the almost contemporary religion of Zarathustra, and the religious thought of the Chinese included in their ethical acceptance of the world strong impulses to civilization. They want to improve social conditions, and they call men to purposeful action in the service of common aims which ought to be realized, whereas the pessimistic religions let men continue to pass their time in solitary meditation.

The Jewish prophets Amos and Isaiah (760-700 B.C.), Zoroaster (600-550 B.C.), and the Chinese philosophers (500-200 B.C.) all rise one and all to the perception that the ethical consists not in submission to traditional national customs, but in the active devotion of individuals to their fellow men or to aims which should produce an improvement of social conditions. In this great revolution begins the spiritual humanizing of mankind and, with that, the civilization which is capable of the highest development.

Christianity and Hinduism show themselves neither completely positive nor negative in their attitude toward the

contains an active ethic. It was as a destructive force to civilization that it realized itself in the ancient world, and

In modern times, under the influence of the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the doctrine of the Age of Enlighten-

As such a religion it took part in the struggle against ignorance, want of purpose, cruelty, and injustice out of

service of the modern age, that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were capable of doing the work for civilization for which we have to thank them.

In proportion, however, to the extent to which the rejection of the world which had been repressed in the eighteenth century begins to acquire importance in it again through medieval and later tendencies, Christianity ceases

tain the authority of traditional views. Nevertheless the Islam of today carries within it stronger tendencies to mysticism and to greater ethical depth, than appearances would lead one to suppose.

While I was busy with tasks like these I received, a few days before Christmas, 1919, through Archbishop Söderblom, an invitation to deliver some lectures, after Easter, 1920, for the Olaus-Petri Foundation at the University of Upsala. This request came to me entirely unexpected. Ever since the war I had felt, in my seclusion at Strasbourg, rather like a coin that has rolled under a piece of furniture and has remained there lost. Once only had I got into touch again with the outer world; that was in October, 1919, when, having with much trouble secured permission to travel, I scraped together every shilling value.

In the return journey I had as fellow passengers, from Tarascon to Lyons, some sailors belonging to the cruiser *Ernest Renan*. When I asked them what sort of a man it was, whose name they had on their caps, they answered: "We've never been told anything about him. Probably it is the name of some dead general."

In learned circles I could have believed myself entirely me by the

the prob-
and world
religions. When I set to work on them I was still without the chapters of the Philosophy of Civilization which had been left behind in Africa, so I had to write them over again. At first that made me very unhappy, but I noticed later on that this repetition of the work was not unprofitable, and I got reconciled to my fate. It was only in the summer of 1920, after my return from Upsala, that the manuscript from Africa at last reached me.

In Upsala I found for the first time an echo to the thoughts which I had been carrying about with me for five years. In the last lecture, in which I developed the fundamental ideas of the ethic of Reverence for Life, I was so moved that I found it difficult to speak.

I came to Sweden a tired, depressed, and still ailing man—

for in the summer of 1919 I had had to undergo a second operation. In the magnificent air of Upsala, and the kindly atmosphere of the archbishop's house, in which my wife and I were guests, I recovered my health and once more found enjoyment in my work.

But there still weighed upon me the burden of the debts which I had contracted with the Paris Missionary Society and Parisian acquaintances during the war to make possible the carrying on of the hospital. During a walk with me the archbishop learned about this anxiety, and advised me to make the experiment of giving organ recitals and lectures in Sweden, to which country the war had brought considerable financial gains. He also gave me introductions to several cities. A theological student, Elias Söderström (who died in the mission field a few years later), offered to be my traveling companion. Standing near me on the platform or in the pulpit he translated my lectures on the Forest Hospital sentence by sentence in such a lively way that in a few moments the audience had forgotten that they were listening to a translated discourse. What an advantage it was to me now that in the services at Lambaréné I had mastered the art of speaking through the mouth of an interpreter. What is most important in that is to speak in short, simple, and clearly constructed sentences, to go through the address with the interpreter with the greatest possible care beforehand, and to deliver it in the shape which he expects. With this preparation the interpreter has to make no effort to understand the meaning of the sentence to be translated.

on himself and his hearers by speaking in a language of which he is not fully master.

Though they are not large, the wonderfully resonant old Swedish organs pleased me greatly. They were admirably adapted to my method of rendering Bach's music.

In the course of a few weeks I had collected by concerts and lectures so much money, that I could at once pay off the most pressing of my debts.

When in the middle of July I quitted Swedish soil on my experience had been so happy, I had firmly made mind to take up again my work at Lambaréné.

Have we white people the right to impose our rule on primitive and semiprimitive peoples—my experience has been gathered among such only? No, if we only want to rule over them and draw material advantage from their country. Yes, if we seriously desire to educate them and help them

through it lost their freedom. Their economic and social relations are shaken by it. An inevitable development brought it about that the chiefs, with the weapons and money which commerce placed at their disposal, reduced the mass of the natives to servitude and turned them into slaves who had to work for the export trade to make a few select people rich. It sometimes happened too that, as in the days of the slave trade, the people themselves became merchandise and were exchanged for money and goods.

European states.

That of those who were commissioned to carry out in our name the system of slavery, at least for many were guilty of the same crime. Those of the past had of guilt, against the natives today must anything be suppressed or whitewashed. But willingness to give these primitive and semiprimitive people of our colonies an independence which would inevitably end in enslavement to their fellows, is no way of making them properly. Our only possible the power of justification. "ism" can plead that it has some qualities of ethical value. It has put an end to the slave trade, it has stopped the perpetual wars which the primitive peoples used to wage with

the exploitation of the population by world trade not picture what the lot of the native lumbermen

forests of the Ogowé district would be if the government authorities which at the present time preserve their rights for them in opposition to the merchants, both white and black, should be withdrawn.

and the so-called self-government means for primitive and

they should rise by slow development from nomads and seminomads to be agriculturists and artisans, permanently settled on the soil. That, however, is rendered impossible by the fact that these peoples themselves will not let themselves be withheld from the chance of earning money by selling goods to world trade, just as on the other hand world trade will not abstain from purchasing native

stead of that they are exclusively bent on providing the materials which world trade requires, and for which it pays them good prices. With the money thus obtained they produce goods, even as is the case with the peoples of the cotton,

Whenever the timber trade is good, permanent famine reigns in the Ogowé region, because the natives neglect the making of new plantations in order to fell as many trees as possible. In the swamps and the forest in which they find this work they live on imported rice and imported preserved foods, which they purchase with the proceeds of their labor.

Colonization, then, in the sense of civilization, means trying to ensure that among the primitive and semiprimitive

peoples who are in danger in this way, only so much labor power is allowed to be engaged for the export trade as is not needed for home industry and for that proportion of their agriculture which produces the foodstuffs needed at home. The more thinly any colony is populated, the more difficult it is to reconcile the interests of a sound development of the country with those of world trade. A rising export trade does not always prove that a colony is making progress; it may also mean that it is on the way to ruin.

Again, road and railway construction shows itself as a difficult problem amid a primitive population. Roads and railways are necessary in order that the horror of transport by carriers may be ended; that in times of famine foodstuffs may be conveyed into the threatened regions; and that trade may prosper. At the same time there is a danger that they may imperil the beneficial development of the country. They do that when they call for more labor power than the country can normally spare for them. Account must be taken, too, of the fact that colonial road and railway construction involves great loss of human life, even when—and this is unfortunately not always the case—the best possible

ing up of any region must therefore be undertaken only after full consideration. The public works which are taken in hand because they are held to be necessary and also possible, must be carried on slowly, in some cases even with occasional cessations of work, for in that way, as experience has shown, many lives can be saved.

In the interest of the development of the country it may become necessary to transplant remote villages to the neigh-

authorities to work for any period, either short or long any private undertaking, not even if the labor is a substitute for a tax, or for statutory labor due to

The only labor which may be imposed on the natives is has to be done in the interest of the public well-being, is done under the supervision of state officials.

than the unconcealed, change him from an indolent to industrious man. Injustice cannot produce a moral

In every colony in the world the taxes are today already so high that they can only with difficulty be paid by population. Colonies everywhere have, for want of thought been burdened with loans the interest on which can hardly be raised.

The problems of native education are mixed up with economic and social problems, and are not less complicated than the latter.

Agriculture and handicraft are the foundations of civilization. Only where that foundation exists are the conditions given for the formation and persistence of a stratum of population which can occupy itself with commercial and intellectual pursuits. But with the natives in the colonies—and they themselves demand it—we proceed as if not

callings. All those who are unable to secure acceptable employment in the offices of the business houses or of the government sit about as idlers or grumblers. It is the misfortune of all colonies—and not only of those with primitive or semiprimitive populations!—that those who go through the schools are mostly lost to agriculture and handicraft instead of contributing to their development. This change of class, from lower to higher, produces thoroughly un-

that they should be brilliant at reading and writing, and even be able to calculate with $a + b$, and $x + y$.

But the most important thing is that the diseases which we have taken to the dyin
Their exist
merce supplies them, by diseases which we have taken to them, and by diseases which already existed among them, but which, like sleeping sickness, were first enabled to spread by the intercourse which colonization brought with it. To-day that disease is a peril to millions.

The harm which the importation of alcohol means for these people cannot be counteracted by forbidding brandy and rum while allowing wine and beer as before. In the colonies wine and beer are much more dangerous beverages than in Europe, because, to enable them to keep good in tropical and subtropical regions, pure alcohol is always added to them. The absence of brandy and rum is amply made up for by an enormously increased consumption of wine and beer of this description. The share that alcohol has in the ruin of these peoples can, therefore, only be prevented by absolute prohibition of the importation of all alcoholic drinks, of whatever sort.

In nearly all colonies the struggle against disease has been undertaken with too little energy and was begun too late. That it can be carried on today with some prospect of success we owe to the weapons which the latest medical science

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something much more important than a question of economics. It is unthinkable that we civilized peoples should keep for ourselves alone the wealth of means for fighting sickness, pain, and death which science has given us. If there

out too, commissioned by human society as such. Whoever among us has through personal experience learned what

work, work for humanity's sake, in the colonies. Commis-

in the idea of the "Brotherhood of those who bear the mark of pain," I ventured to found the Forest Hospital at Lambaréné. That truth was recognized, and is now spreading.

Finally, let me urge that whatever benefit we confer upon the peoples of our colonies is not beneficence but atonement for the terrible sufferings which we white people have been bringing upon them ever since the day on which the first of our ships found its way to their shores. Colonial problems, as they exist today, cannot be solved by political measures alone. A new element must be introduced; white and colored must meet in an atmosphere of the ethical spirit. Then

future.

18. Günsbach and Journeys Abroad

ON the Sunday before Palm Sunday, 1921, I had the joy of playing the organ at the first performance of Bach's St. Matthew Passion at the Orféo Català in Barcelona—the very first time that this work was performed in Spain.

In April, 1921, I resigned my two posts at Strasbourg, reckoning to depend in future for my living on my pen and my organ playing. In order to work in quiet at the Philosophy of Civilization I moved, with my wife and child—a daughter born to us on January 14th, my own birthday, in 1919—to my father's homely vicarage at Günsbach. For occasional quarters

Knoblochgasse.

My work was, indeed, often interrupted by journeys. From various universities I received invitations to give lectures on

had to give organ recitals to provide support for myself and my family during the years when I should again be in Africa.

In the autumn of 1921 I was in Switzerland, and from there I went in November to Sweden. At the end of January I left Sweden for Oxford in order to deliver at Mansfield College the Dale Memorial Lectures. After that I lectured at the Selly Oak College at Birmingham (on "Christianity and the Religions of the World"), at Cambridge (on "The Significance of Eschatology"), and in London to the Society for the Study of the Science of Religion (on "The Pauline Problem"). I also gave a number of organ recitals in England.

In the middle of March, 1922, I returned to Sweden from England to give more concerts and lectures. Scarcely was I home when I went again for weeks to give lectures and concerts in Switzerland.

In the summer of 1922 I was able to work at the Philosophy of Civilization undisturbed.

In the autumn I went once more to Switzerland, and after that
Denmark.

In January, 1923, I lectured on the "Philosophy of Civilization" at Prague, by invitation of Professor Oscar Kraus. I thus began a warm friendship with this loyal pupil of Brentano.

How wonderful were the experiences vouchsafed me during these years! When I first went to Africa I prepared to make three sacrifices: to abandon the organ, to renounce the academic teaching activities, to which I had given my heart, and to lose my financial independence, relying for the rest of my life on the help of friends.

These three sacrifices I had begun to make, and only my intimate friends knew what they cost me.

But now they happened to me what happened to Abraham: he him, was spared
ment, built for the
d presented to me,
and the triumph of my own health over the tropical climate.
During
Bach
le I

trated deeper into the spirit of his works. I returned to Europe, therefore, not as an artist who had become an amateur, but in full possession of my technique and privileged to find that, as an artist, I was more esteemed than before.

For the renunciation of my teaching activities in Strasbourg University I found compensation in opportunities of lecturing in very many others.

And if I did for a time lose my financial independence, I was able now to win it again by means of organ and pen.

That I was let off the threefold sacrifice I had already offered was for me the encouraging experience which in all the difficulties brought upon me, and upon so many others, by the fateful postwar period has buoyed me up, and made me ready for every effort and every renunciation.

In the spring of 1923 the two first volumes of the *Philosophy of Civilization* were finished, and they were published that same year. The first bears the title of *Verfall und Wiederaufbau der Kultur* ("The Decay and Restoration of Civilization")¹ and the second that of *Kultur und Ethik* ("Civilization and Ethics").

In the first I describe the relations which subsist between civilization and attitude toward life.

Responsibility for the decay of civilization lies at the door of a nineteenth century philosophy. It did not understand how

thinking about ethics and attitude toward life, which was left incomplete by the eighteenth century. Instead of that, it lost itself during the nineteenth century more and more deeply in the unelemental. It renounced its connection with man's natural search for a view of life, and became merely a science of the history of philosophy. It provided itself with a point of view out of a combination of history and natural science. This, however, turned out to be quite lifeless, and failed to preserve any concern for civilization.

Then, let it be remembered that the value of civilization

¹ *Verfall und Wiederaufbau der Kultur* (Munich, C. H. Beck; Bern, Paul Haupt, 1923), 65 pages. Also in English, Swedish, Danish, and Dutch translations.

difficult And because men had no philosophy of life to
 to hold on
 their effect
 overoccupi
 ness, man was a victim to spiritual dependence, to super-
 ficiality of every kind and to
 history and actual
 those valuations,
 feeling

We must use, then, new methods of thought to get back

Civilization I define in quite general terms as spiritual and material progress in all spheres of activity, accompanied by an ethical development of individuals and of mankind.

In *Civilization and Ethics* I unroll the history of the tragic struggle of European thought to attain an ethical acceptance of the world and life.¹ I would gladly have depicted at the same time the struggle for a basis for a philosophy of civilization as it develops in the world religions, but that design I had to abandon because it would have made the book too long I therefore limit myself to a few short allusions to the subject.

I intentionally avoid technical philosophical phraseology. My appeal is to thinking men and women whom I wish to provoke to elemental thought about the questions of existence which occur to the mind of every human being

What is it that takes place in the mind of man for nothing

¹ *Kultur und Ethik* (Munich, C. H. Beck; Bern, Paul Haupt, 280 pages English edition: London, A. & C. Black, 1923 Dutch edition, 1931.

to work in the world with the object of creating better material and spiritual conditions. This late Stoic view of the world is to a certain extent the forerunner of that which later, in the age of the Enlightenment, wins authority over men's minds as the reasonable. At this first appearance on the stage of history it is unable to establish its position or to unfold its reforming power. The great Stoic emperors it

view never obtains any influence.

How do the late Stoicism and the Rationalism of the eighteenth century attain to an ethical affirmation of the world? Not by accepting the world as it is, but by conceiving the course of world events as the expression of a rational, ethical world will. The world-accepting ethical will of man interprets according to its own nature the force that is working itself provides itself not aware of v itself to be the world.

What takes place here is repeated wherever philosophy reaches an ethical acceptance of the world. It deduces this principle from an interpretation of the course of world history which seeks to make this course intelligible, as having a meaning and being in some way or other directed to ethical ends. Further, this interpretation makes man enter through his own ethical activity into the service of this world purpose.

With Confucius, also, and Zarathustra the ethical acceptance of the world goes back to an explanation of the world which is similarly presupposed.

Such an interpretation of the world is no longer undertaken by Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and the other great thinkers of the eighteenth century.

world is to be attained by the correct solution of the problem of the theory of knowledge, or from the logical comprehension of how pure Being develops into the world of happenings in space and time.

In the artificial method of thinking employed by these great systems, the educated people of the early nineteenth century believe that they possess a basis for the ethical

rational. The ethical mysticism of Reverence for Life is rationalism thought to a conclusion.

While I was correcting the proofs of *Civilization and Ethics*, I was already packing cases for my second voyage to Africa.

In the autumn of 1923 the printing was interrupted for a time because the printing works belonging to the publisher of the German edition, which was situated in Nördlingen (Bavaria), was requisitioned by the state to help in the production of the mass of paper money which was needed on account of the inflation.

personal friends such as I now had in most of the countries of Europe.

Before leaving for Africa I also got ready for the press the lectures which I delivered at Selly Oak College in Birmingham, on "Christianity and the Religions of the World."¹ They seek to define the nature of these religions from the philosophic standpoint according to the greater or smaller degree of importance allowed in the convictions underlying them to world- and life-affirmation, to world- and life-negation, and to ethics. Unfortunately I was obliged to confine within too small a compass these lectures. The recollection of a visit

to my friend Dr O Pfister, the well-known Zurich psychoanalyst. In the early summer of 1923, while traveling across Switzerland from west to east, I had to wait two hours in Zurich, and went to visit him. He relieved my thirst and gave me an opportunity to stretch out and rest my weary body. But he at the same time made me narrate to him, just as they came into my mind, some incidents of my childhood, that he might make use of them in a young people's magazine. Soon afterwards he sent me a copy of what he had taken down in shorthand during those two hours. I asked him not to publish it, but to leave it to me to complete. Then, shortly before my

¹ *Das Christentum und die Weltreligionen* (Munich, C. H. Beck; Bern, Paul Haupt, 1924), 59 pages. *Christianity and the Religions of the World* (London, Allen & Unwin, 1923). Later Danish, Swedish, Dutch, and Japanese editions.

departure to Africa, one Sunday afternoon when it was pelting with rain and snow alternately, I wrote down as an epilogue to what I had narrated, thoughts that used to stir me when I looked back upon my youth¹

19. The Second Period in Africa

1924 - 1927

ON February 14th, 1924, I left Strasbourg. My wife could not accompany me this time because of a breakdown in her health. For the fact that she so far sacrificed herself as to acquiesce under these circumstances in my resumption of work at Lambaréné, I have never ceased to be grateful to her. I was accompanied by a young Oxford student of chemistry, Noël Gillespie, whom his mother entrusted to me for a few months as a helper.

When we embarked at Bordeaux I came under suspicion with the customs officer who examined the baggage of travelers outwards. I was taking with me four potato sacks full of unanswered letters, which I meant to answer during the voyage. He had never yet encountered a traveler with so many letters, and as at that time the transfer of French money to other countries was strictly forbidden—a traveler was only allowed to take 5,000 francs with him—he could not help supposing that there was money hidden in those letters. He therefore spent an hour and a half examining them, one by one, till, on getting to the bottom of the second sack, he shook his head and gave it up as useless.

After a long voyage on the Dutch cargo boat *Orestes*, which gave me an opportunity of getting to know better the places along the West Coast, I found myself at sunrise on April 19th, Easter Eve, once more in Lambaréné.

All that still remained of the Hospital was the small building of corrugated iron, and the hardwood skeleton of one of the big bamboo huts. During the seven years of my absence all the other buildings had decayed and collapsed. The path lead

¹ *Aus meiner Kindheit und Jugendzeit* (Munich, C. H. Beck; Paul Haupt, 1924). 64 pages. *Memoirs of Childhood and* (London, Allen & Unwin, 1924). Later Swedish, Dutch, D French editions.

ing from the Hospital to the doctor, I . . .

over the manuscript of the *Mysticism of St. Paul* which was begun in 1911 and which I had brought now for the second time to Africa.

My life during those months was lived as a doctor in the mornings, and as a master builder in the afternoons. Just as during my previous stay, there were unfortunately no laborers to be had, since the timber trade, which was flourishing again after the war, absorbed all the labor power that was to be found.

I had, therefore, to accept as my helpers a few "volunteers" who were in the Hospital as companions of the patients or as convalescents, and worked without enthusiasm unless, indeed, they thought it preferable to disappear and hide themselves on the days when they were wanted.

One day during these early weeks there came to have his midday meal with us an elderly timber merchant, who had more or less "gone African." When we got up from the table he thought he ought to say something nice to me, so he said: "Doctor, I know you play the harmonium beautifully. I am fond of music too, and if I had not to rush away so as to get home before the storm bursts, I would ask you to play me one of Goethe's fugues."

The number of patients kept steadily increasing, so during 1924 and 1925 I sent for two doctors and two nurses from Europe.

At last, in the autumn of 1925, the Hospital could be said to have been rebuilt, and I was enjoying the prospect of being able to give my evenings to the work on *St. Paul*. Then—since all over the country the timber felling had caused the cultivation of foodstuffs to be neglected—a severe famine began. At the same time there set in a terrible epidemic of dysentery. These two occurrences occupied fully myself and my helpers for many months. We had to make numerous journeys in our two motorboats, the *Tak sa mycket* and the *Raarup* (one of them a present from Swedish, the other from Jutland

friends) to collect rice wherever we could, if there was nothing else to be had with which to feed our Hospital inmates.

The dysentery epidemic made clear to me the necessity of removing the Hospital to a larger site. It could not spread out over land belonging to the mission because all that was at

I had indeed already become conscious of this during the

cases. Owing to the impossibility of keeping the dysentery patients separated from the rest, as is always desirable, the whole Hospital was getting infected. It was a dreadful time!

Another great defect was the absence of sufficient accommodation for mental patients. I often found myself in the position of being unable to take in dangerous lunatics, because our only two cells were occupied.

So with a heavy heart I forced myself to the decision to remove the Hospital to a spot three kilometers (nearly two miles) up the river where it could be extended as much as was necessary. My confidence in the supporters of my work allowed me to venture to use the removal as an opportunity for replacing with huts of corrugated iron the old ones of bamboo with the raffia-leaf roofs which were everlastingly needing repair. To protect the Hospital against river floods and from the torrents which washed down from the hills after heavy storms I became a modern prehistoric man, and erected it as a village on piles, but a village of corrugated iron.

The professional work in the Hospital I now left almost entirely to my colleagues. Dr. Nessmann (an Alsatian), Dr. . . . came . . . and a . . . "vege- . . . This . . . ever-

YOU I WAS OBLIGED TO
changing squad of "volunteers" recruited from the
of the patients and from convalescents well enough to
would acknowledge no authority save that of the "old"

tor It was while I was foreman of a troop of workmen hewing down trees that the news reached me of the philosophical faculty of the German University of Prague having conferred on me the honorary degree of Doctor.

As soon as the building site had been cleared, I started making the land near it ready for cultivation. What a joy it was to win fields from the jungle!

Year after year since then work has been carried on with the object of producing a Garden of Eden round the Hospital. Hundreds of young fruit trees, which we have grown from pips, have already been planted. Someday there must be so much fruit growing here that all can take what they please, and there will no longer be such a crime as stealing. We have already got to that stage with the fruits of the papaya, the mango trees, and the oil palms. The papaya we planted in such numbers are already producing more fruit than the Hospital needs, while of mango trees and oil palms there were so many already growing in the forest around that when the trees about them had been cut down they formed regular groves. As soon as ever they were delivered from the creepers which were strangling them, and from the giant trees which overshadowed them, they at once began to bear.

These fruit trees were, of course, not aboriginal elements in the forest. The mangos had made their way into the forest from the villages which once stood along the riverbank; the oil palms had sprung up from kernels which the parrots had carried off from the trees near the villages and then had dropped. The jungle of Equatorial Africa contains no indigenous trees with edible fruits. The traveler whose supplies give out during his journey is doomed to starvation. It is well known that the banana clumps, the manioc clumps, the oil palms, the mango trees, and many other vegetable growths which supply human food are not natives of Equatorial Africa, but were introduced by Europeans from the West Indian Islands and other tropical countries.

Unfortunately fruit cannot be stored here, on account of the damp and the heat. As soon as it is picked it begins to decay.

For the large amount of plantains required for feeding the patients I shall still, in spite of the Garden of Eden, have to resort to importation from the neighboring villages. The plantains which I grow with paid labor cost me, in fact, much more than those which the natives bring me from their own

plantations, which are always favorably situated near water. But the natives possess hardly any fruit trees because they do not live permanently at one spot, but are constantly moving their villages to some new site.

Since even plantains cannot be stored, I have also to keep a considerable stock of rice in case there are not enough plantations in bearing in the neighborhood.

The fact that I did not at once begin building a new Hospital but rebuilt the old one was by no means a misfortune. It enabled us to accumulate experiences which now came in very useful. We had only one native worker who stayed with us all through the rebuilding, a carpenter named Monenzali, but without him I could not have carried out the undertaking. During the last few months I had also the help of a young carpenter from Switzerland.

So again this second time that I was working in Africa my plan of returning to Europe at the end of two years came to nothing. I had to stay there for three and a half. In the evenings I found myself so tired out and so dulled by the continual going about in the sun that I, so to say, never got as far as writing. My remaining energy sufficed for nothing beyond regular practice on my piano with its pedal attachment. The *Mysticism of St. Paul* remained, therefore, unfinished, but during these years I made progress in music.

This second period of activity in Africa is described in the *Mitteilungen aus Lambaréné*.¹ They contain sketches written at intervals during the work, for the information of friends and supporters.

During my absence the work which had to be done for the support of the Hospital was in the hands of Mrs. Emmy Martin at Strasbourg, Rev. Hans Bauer, D.D., at Basel, and my brother-in-law, Rev. Albert Woytt at Oberhausbergen, near Strasbourg. Without the self-denying help of these and other volunteers the undertaking, now so much expanded, could not be carried on.

Some of the new buildings were finished, when, on January 21st, 1927, the transfer of the patients from the old Hos-

¹ *Mitteilungen aus Lambaréné* 1st and 2nd Parts (spring 1924-autumn 1925), 164 pages, 3rd Part (autumn 1925-summer 1927), 74 pages (Munch, C. H. Beck). Swedish, English, American, and Dutch translations. The English edition bears the title *More from the Primeval Forest* (London, A. & C. Black, 1931), and the American *The Fe Hospital at Lambaréné* (New York, Henry Holt).

pital to the new was effected. That evening on the last journey we made, I took with me the mental patients. Their guardians never tired of representing to them that in the new Hospital they would live in cells with floors of wood. In the old cells the floor had been just the damp earth.

When I made my tour of the Hospital that evening, there resounded from every fire and every mosquito net the greeting: "It's a good hut, Doctor, a very good hut!" So now for the first time since I began to work in Africa my patients were housed as human beings should be!

In April, 1927, I was able to hand over the superintendence of the laborers engaged in deforestation around the Hospital to Mrs C E B Russell, who had just arrived, for she possessed the talent of getting them to obey her. Under her leadership a beginning was also made with the laying out of a plantation. Since then it has been my experience on the whole that the authority of a white woman is more readily recognized by our primitives than that of us men.

By about the middle of the summer of the same year I completed several more wards. Then I was in possession of a Hospital in which, if need should be, we were in a position to accommodate 200 patients and those who accompanied them. During recent months the number had been between 140 and 160. Provision was made also for the isolation of dysentery patients. The building for the mental patients was erected from a fund established by the Guildhouse congregation in London in memory of a deceased member, Mr. Ambrose Pomeroy-Cragg.

And now, after making the most necessary arrangements for the internal affairs of the Hospital, I could leave it to my colleagues and think of going home. On July 21st I left Lambaréné. With me there traveled also Miss Mathilde Kottmann, who had worked in the Hospital since the summer of 1924, and the sister of Dr. Lauterburg. Miss Emma Hausknecht was left at Lambaréné, but some nurses came before long to help in the work.

20. Two Years in Europe. A Third Period in Africa

OF the two years which I spent in Europe a good part was occupied with traveling to give lectures and organ recitals.

The autumn and winter of 1927 I spent in Sweden and Denmark. In the spring and early summer of 1928 I was in Holland and England; in the autumn and winter in Switzerland, Germany, and Czechoslovakia.

In 1929 I undertook several recital tours in Germany. When not traveling, I lived with my wife and child at the mountain health resort of Königsfeld in the Black Forest, or at Strasbourg.

I was caused much work and worry by having to find and

there, or on account of family circumstances I secured as fresh medical men Dr Mundler, Dr Hediger, Dr Stalder, and Mlle. Dr Schnabel, all from Switzerland. We were all much saddened by the death of a Swiss doctor, Dr Eric Dölken, who in October, 1929, on the voyage to Lambaréné died suddenly in the harbor of Grand Bassam, probably from a heart attack.

All my spare time in Europe I spent in getting ready for the press my book—*The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle*.¹ I did not wish to take the manuscript with me to Africa a third time, and I soon found myself once more at home in the subject matter. Chapter after chapter came slowly into existence.

St. Paul's mysticism of Being in Christ finds its explanation

¹ *Die Mystik des Apostels Paulus* (Tubingen, J. C. B. Mohr 1930), 405 pages. A few days after finishing the English version, V. M. I. the book's bridge.

tion in the conception which the Apostle has of the coming of the Messianic Kingdom and of the End of the World. On the strength of the views which, like his fellow believers of those earliest days, he had taken over from Judaism, he supposes that those who believe in Jesus as the coming Messiah will live with Him in the Messianic Kingdom in a supernatural mode of existence, while their unbelieving contemporaries and the people of previous generations ever since the Creation must first rest in the grave. It is only at the close of the Messianic Kingdom, which, though supernatural, is nevertheless conceived as transitory, that, in accordance with the late Jewish view, the General Resurrection takes place and is followed by the Last Judgment. Not till then does Eternity begin, in which God "is all in all," that is, all things return to God.

The fact that those who believe in Christ as the Messiah

their having a special sort of corporeal existence in common with Christ. Their belief in Him is only a manifestation of the fact that God chose them out from all eternity to be Companions of the Messiah. In virtue of this union with Him, which is (at once) both mystical and natural, the forces which, working in Him, effected His death and resurrection, begin from that very time to work for the same results in them. These believers cease to be natural men like others. They become beings who are in process of changing from their natural condition to a supernatural one, and now wear the appearance of natural men only as a kind of veil which, when the Messianic Kingdom is revealed, they will at once throw off. In a mysterious fashion they are already dead and risen with Christ and in Him, and similarly will very shortly live with Him in the mode of existence on which He entered at His resurrection.

In the mysticism of "being-in-Christ" and of having "died and risen with Christ," we have, therefore, an extension of the eschatological expectation. The belief in the imminent manifestation of the Kingdom is extended in St. Paul's thought into a conviction that with the death and resurrection of Jesus the change of the natural into the supernatural has already begun. We have, therefore, to do with a mysticism which is based on the assumption of a great cosmic happening.

From this knowledge of the meaning of union with Christ

there follows, for St. Paul, the ethic which is to be practiced. With the Jewish Law believers have nothing more to do, since that is valid for natural men only. For the same reason it must not be imposed on heathens who have come to believe in Christ. He who has entered into union with Christ knows what is ethical directly from the spirit of Christ in which he is a sharer.

While for other believers ecstatic discourses and convulsive raptures mean the surest proof of the possession of the Spirit, St. Paul turns the doctrine of the Spirit into ethical channels. According to him the Spirit which believers possess is the Spirit of Jesus, in which they have become participators because of the mysterious fellowship with Him which they enjoy. This Spirit of Jesus is the heavenly life force which is preparing them for existence in the post-resurrection condition, just as it effected the resurrection itself in Him. At the same time it is the power which compels them, through their being different from the world, to approve themselves as men who have ceased to belong to this world. The highest proof of the Spirit is love. Love is the eternal thing which men can already on earth possess as it really is.

This is the eschatological mysticism of fellowship with
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The doctrine of justification, which has
for centuries been accepted as the central element of St.
representation of the primitive

ing no longer my validity at all which follows from the mysticism of fellowship with Christ. He thus succeeds, as against the Jewish Christians in refusing to allow to works any value at all as compared with his mysticism of fellowship with Christ.

The doctrine of justification by faith only which was produced for the struggle against Jewish Christianity has acquired a great importance since then because at all periods those who rebelled against the externalizing of Christianity with a righteousness produced by works have appealed to it and, with the help of St. Paul's authority, have won their case. On the other hand the artificial logic with which St. Paul seeks to represent this doctrine as already contained in the Old Testament has given rise to a mistaken opinion about him. He was denounced as the man who had substituted a complicated dogma for the simple Gospel of Jesus. In reality, however, St. Paul, in spite of the Rabbinic element which clings here and there to his method of arguing, is a powerful elemental thinker. He puts forward the simple Gospel of Jesus not in the letter but in the spirit. While he works out the eschatological belief in Jesus and the Kingdom of God into his mysticism of fellowship with Christ, he gives it a shape in which it proves capable of outlasting the decay of the eschatological expectation and winning recognition, under every subsequent view of the world, as an ethical Christ-mysticism. By thus thinking out to its furthest consequences the eschatological belief in Christ he advances thoughts about our relation to Jesus, which ethically and spiritually are final and good for all time, even if we do find their source in the metaphysic of eschatology.

There is, then, in St. Paul no Greek element at all. He does, however, in fact give the Christian belief a form in which it can be assimilated by the Greek spirit. Ignatius and Justin, in whose thought this process is completed, do nothing more than translate the mysticism of fellowship with Christ into Greek terms.

The last chapter of *The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle* I wrote in December, 1929, on board ship between Bordeaux and Cape Lopez, and the preface the day after Christmas on board the river steamer which was taking to Lambaréné myself, my wife, Dr. Anna Schmitz, and Miss Marie Secretan.

On this, my third arrival, I unfortunately again found building to be done. During a serious epidemic of dysentery, which was coming to an end just as I arrived, the wards had been found too small. So the neighboring building for mental patients had to be devoted to those suffering from dysentery, and a new one had to be erected for the insane. By reason of experiences accumulated in the meantime, the new cells were made stronger and at the same time lighter and more

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in the course of a twelvemonth with the help of our loyal native carpenter, Monenzali, in addition to my work in the Hospital. At the same time the Hospital was provided with large cement reservoirs for rain water, and enriched with an airy building of the same material, which serves us as dining room and common room.

to return

nan,

the Hospital is now known over an area of 100 kilometers wide. People who have spent weeks on the journey come to us for operations. The kindness of friends in Europe enables us to be in possession of an operating room which is fitted out with everything necessary, to have in the dispensary a store of all the drugs that we require, even of the often rather expensive ones needed for the treatment of colonial diseases. Further, it makes possible for us to give sufficient nourishment to the many sick people who are too poor to buy their own food. So now it is fine to be working at Lambaréné and the more so because we now have sufficient doctors and nurses to do all that is needed without our having to work ourselves to exhaustion. How can we thank sufficiently the friends of the Hospital who have made such a work possible!

Because at the Hospital there is still hard work, but no beyond our powers, I find myself

my life and activities, which I had planned to be my first literary work during this present stay in Africa, is getting spread out over months and months.

21. Epilogue

TWO perceptions cast their shadows over my existence. One consists in my realization that the world is inexplicably mysterious and full of suffering, the other in the fact that I have been born into a period of spiritual decadence in mankind. I have become familiar with and ready to deal with each, through the thinking which has led me to the ethical and affirmative position of Reverence for Life. In that principle my life has found a firm footing and a clear path to follow

I therefore stand and work in the world as one who aims at making men less shallow and morally better by making them think

With the spirit of the age I am in complete disagreement, because it is filled with disdain for thinking. That such is its attitude is, to some extent, to be explained by the fact that thought has never yet reached the goal which it must set before itself. Time after time it was convinced that it had clearly established an attitude toward life which was in accordance with knowledge and ethically satisfactory. But time after time the truth came out that it had not succeeded.

Doubts, therefore, could well arise as to whether thinking would ever be capable of answering current questions about the world and our relation to it in such a way that we could give a meaning and a content to our lives.

But today in addition to that neglect of thought there is

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thinking but to make his own such convictions as they keep ready-made for him. Any man who thinks for himself and at the same time is spiritually free, is to them something inconvenient and even uncanny. He does not offer sufficient guarantee that he will merge himself in their organization in the way they wish. All corporate bodies look today for their strength not so much to the spiritual worth of the ideas which they represent and to that of the people who belong to them.

as to the attainment of the highest possible degree of unity and exclusiveness. It is in this that they expect to find their strongest power for offense and defense.

Hence the spirit of the age rejoices, instead of lamenting, that thinking seems to be unequal to its task, and gives it no credit for what, in spite of imperfections, it has already accomplished. It refuses to admit, what is nevertheless the fact, that all spiritual progress up to today has come about through the achievement of thought, or to reflect that thinking may still be able in the future to accomplish what it has not succeeded in accomplishing as yet. Of such considerations

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not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Thus, his whole life long, the man of today is exposed to influences which are bent on robbing him of all confidence in his own thinking. The spirit of spiritual dependence to which he is called on to surrender is in everything that he hears or reads; it is in the people whom he meets every day. It is in the parties and associations which have claimed him

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life must be taken by him from the associations which have rights over him. The spirit of the age never lets him come to himself. Over and over again convictions are forced upon him in the same way as, by means of the electric advertisements which flare in the streets of every large town, any company which has sufficient capital to get itself securely established, exercises pressure on him at every step he takes to induce him to buy their boot polish or their soup tablets.

By the spirit of the age, then, the man of today is forced into skepticism about his own thinking. In order to make him receptive to truth which comes to him from authority. To all this constant influence he cannot make the resistance that is desirable because he is an overworked and distracted being without power to concentrate. Moreover, the manifold material trammels which are his lot work upon his mentality in such a way that he comes at last to believe himself unqualified even to make any claim to thoughts of his own.

His self-confidence is also diminished through the exercised upon him by the huge and daily of knowledge. He is no longer in a position to take in

bounds Of those who let themselves get too disheartened to try any longer to discover truth by their own thinking, only a few find a substitute for it in truth taken from others. The mass of people remain skeptical. They lose all feeling for truth, and all sense of need for it as well, finding themselves quite comfortable in a life without thought driven now here, now there, from one opinion to another

But the acceptance of authoritative truth, even if that truth has both spiritual and ethical content, does not bring skepti-

through and through with skepticism, and we live in consequence in a world which in every respect is full of falsehood. We are not far from shipwreck on the rock of wanting to have even truth organized

Truth taken over by skepticism which has become believing has not the spiritual qualities of that which originated in thinking. It has been externalized and rendered torpid. It does obtain influence over a man, but it is not capable of uniting itself with him to the very marrow of his being. Living truth is that alone which has its origin in thinking

Just as a tree bears year after year the same fruit and yet fruit which is each year new, so must all permanently valuable ideas be continually born again in thought. But our age is bent on trying to make the barren tree of skepticism fruitful by tying fruits of truth on its branches.

It is only by confidence in our ability to reach truth by our own individual thinking, that we are capable of accepting truth from outside. Unfettered thought, provided it be deep,

Not less strong than the will to sincerity. Only an age which can show the courage of sincerity can possess truth which works as a spiritual force within it.

to the road of thinking

Because I have this certainty I oppose the

and take upon myself with confidence the responsibility of taking my part in the rekindling of the fire of thought.

Thought on the lines of Reverence for Life is by its very nature peculiarly qualified to take up the struggle against skepticism. It is elemental.

Elemental thinking is that which starts from the fund-

widening and deepening it.

Such elemental thinking we find in Stoicism. When as student I began going through the history of philosophy I found it difficult to tear myself away from Stoicism, and pursue my way through the utterly different thinking . . . succeeded it. It is true that the results produced by thought were far from satisfying me, but I had the feeling that this simple kind of philosophizing was the right one. I could not understand how people had come to abandon it.

Stoicism seemed to me great in that it goes straight to its goal; that it is universally intelligible, and is at the time profound, that it makes the best of the truth which recognizes as such, even if it is unsatisfying; that it puts into such truth by the earnestness with which it devotes to it that it . . .

the fundamental thought of Stoicism is true, namely that man must bring himself into a spiritual relation with the world, and become one with it. In its essence Stoicism is a nature philosophy which ends in mysticism.

Just as I felt Stoic thinking to be elemental, so I felt that of Lao-tse to be the same, when I became acquainted with his Tao-te-King. For him too the important thing is that man

that the former had its origin in well-developed, logical thinking, the latter in intuitive thinking which was undeveloped and yet . . .

leadership it has won; it must resign that position to the un-
 elemental. It proves a failure because its results are not satis-
 fying. It cannot see any meaning in the impulse to activity
 and to ethical deeds which is contained in the will-to-live of
 the spiritually developed man. Hence Greek Stoicism gets no
 farther than the ideal of resignation.

... will never acquiesce contentedly in the
 results of simple logical thinking about man and his relation
 to the universe, because they cannot fit themselves into it
 properly. They therefore compel thinking to take a rounda-
 bout way, along which they hope to reach their goal. Thus
 there arises side by side with elemental thinking an unelemen-
 tal, in various forms, which grows up around the other and
 often entirely conceals it.

These roundabout roads which thinking takes lead especi-
 ally in the direction of attempted explanation of the world
 which shall represent the will to ethical activity in the world
 as purposive. In the late Stoicism of an Epictetus and a Marcus
 Aurelius, in the Rationalism of the eighteenth century, and
 in that of Kung-tse (Confucius), Meng-tse (Mencius), Mi-
 tse (Machiavelli), and other Chinese thinkers, the philosophy
 which starts from the elemental problem of the relation of
 man to the world reaches a theory of ethical world acceptance
 by tracing the course of world events back to a world-will
 with ethical aims, and claiming man for service to it. In the
 thinking of Brahmanism, and of the Buddha, as in the Indian
 systems generally, and in the philosophy of Schopenhauer, the
 opposite explanation of the world is put forward, namely that
 the Life which runs to cover in space and time is purposeless,

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 any rate, as its starting point and its interests are concerned,
 as remained elemental, there enters the field, especially in
 European philosophy, another form which is completely un-

or as if itself consisted merely in the sifting and systematizing of the results of the various sciences. Instead of urging man to constant meditation on himself and his relation to the world, this philosophy presents him with results of epistemology, of logical speculation, of natural science, of psychology or of sociology, as matters according to which alone he is to shape his view of his life and his relation to the world. On all these things it discourses to him as if he were not a being who is in the world and lives his life in it, but one who is stationed near it, and contemplates it from the outside.

Because it approaches the problem of the relation of man to the universe from some arbitrarily chosen standpoint, or perhaps passes it by altogether, this unelemental European philosophy

or less rest

same time,

tems, half-systems, and no-systems, which succeed and interpenetrate each other, it is able to contemplate the problem of a philosophy of civilization from every side, and in every possible perspective. It is also the most practical in that it deals with the natural sciences, history, and ethical questions more profoundly than the others do.

The world philosophy of the future will owe its origin less to efforts to reconcile European and non-European thought than to those made to reconcile elemental and unelemental thinking.

From the intellectual life of our time mysticism stands aside. It is in essence a form of elemental thinking, because it is directly occupied in enabling the individual man to put himself into a spiritual relation with the world. It despairs, however, of this being possible by means of logical thinking, and falls back on intuition, within which imagination can be active. In a certain sense, then, the *mysticism* also of the past goes back to a mode of thinking which tries roundabout routes. Since with us only that knowledge which is a result of logical thinking is accepted as truth, the convictions which make up the mysticism above described, cannot become our spiritual possession in the form in which they are expressed and declared to be proved. Moreover, they are not in themselves satisfying. Of all the mysticism of the past it must be said that its ethical content is too slight. It puts men on the road of inwardness, but not on that of a living ethic. The truth of a view of the world must be proved by the fact that the

spiritual relation to life and the universe into which that view brings us makes us into inward men with an active ethic.

Against the lack of thought, then, which characterizes our age nothing effective can be done either by the unelemental thinking which takes the roundabout route in the explanation of the world, or by mystical intuition. Power over skepticism is given only to that elemental thinking which takes up and develops the simple thinking which is natural in all men. The unelemental thinking on the other hand, which sets before men certain results of thinking at which it has in one way or another arrived, is not in a position to sustain their own thinking, but takes it from them in order to put another kind in its place. This acceptance of another kind of thinking means a disturbance and weakening of one's own. It is a step toward the acceptance of truth from outside, and thus a step toward skepticism. It was in this way that the great systems of German philosophy which when they appeared were taken up with such enthusiasm, prepared at the beginning of the nineteenth century the ground upon which later on skepticism developed.

To make men thinking beings once more, then, means to make them resort to their own way of thinking that they may try to secure that knowledge which they need for living. In the thinking which starts from Reverence for Life there is to be found a renewal of elemental thinking. The stream which has been flowing for a long distance underground comes again to the surface.

The belief that elemental thinking is now arriving at an ethical and affirmative attitude toward the world and life, which it has hitherto vainly striven to reach, is no self-deception, but is connected with the fact that thinking has become thoroughly realistic.

It used to deal with the world as being only a totality of happenings. With this totality of happenings the only spiritual relation which man can reach is one in which, acknowledging his own natural subordination to it, he secures a spiritual position under it by resignation. To attribute any meaning and purpose to his own activities is impossible with such a conception of the world. He cannot possibly place himself at the service of this totality of happenings which crushes him. His way to acceptance of the world and to ethics is blocked.

It thereupon attempts, but in vain, to grasp by means of some sort of explanation of the world what elemental

lence. Only he who has gone through the stage of resignation is capable of accepting the world.

As a being in an active relation to the world he comes to a spiritual relation with it by not living for himself alone, but feeling himself one with all life that comes within reach. He will feel all that life's experiences as his own, and will give it all the help that he possibly can, and will feel the saving and promotion of life that he has been able

affirmation of life. Existence will thereby become harder for him in every respect than it would be if he lived for himself, but at the same time it will be richer, more beautiful, and happier. It will become, instead of mere living, a real experience of life.

Beginning to think about life and the world leads a man directly and almost irresistibly to Reverence for Life. Such thinking leads to no conclusions which could point in any other direction.

If the man who has once begun to think wishes to persist in his mere living he can do so only by surrendering himself, whenever this idea takes possession of him, to thoughtlessness, and stupefying himself therein. If he perseveres with thinking he can come to no other result than Reverence for Life.

Any thinking by which men assert that they are reaching skepticism or life without ethical ideals, is not thinking but thoughtlessness which poses as thinking, and it proves itself to be such by the fact that it is unconcerned about the mystery of life and the world.

Reverence for Life contains in itself resignation, an affirmative attitude toward the world, and ethics—the three essential elements in a philosophy of life, as mutually interrelated results of thinking.

Up to now there have been systems of thought based on the view of the world as essentially produced by matter. Not one has there

conceived as essentially produced by matter.

To the man who is truly ethical all life is sacred, including that which from the human point of view seems lower in the scale. He makes distinctions only as each case comes before him, and under the pressure of necessity, as, for example, when it falls to him to decide which of two lives he must sacrifice in order to preserve the other. But all through this series of decisions he is conscious of acting on subjective grounds and arbitrarily, and knows that he bears the responsibility for the life which is sacrificed.

I rejoice over the new remedies for sleeping sickness, which enable me to preserve life, whereas I had previously to watch a painful disease. But every time I have under the microscope the germs which cause the disease, I cannot but reflect that I have to sacrifice this life in order to save other life.

I buy from natives a young fish eagle, which they have caught on a sandbank, in order to rescue it from their cruel hands. But now I have to decide whether I shall let it starve, or kill every day a number of small fishes, in order to keep it alive. I decide on the latter course, but every day I feel it hard that this life must be sacrificed for the other on my responsibility.

Standing, as he does, with the whole body of living crea-

of Reverence for Life, he injures and destroys not a necessity which he cannot avoid, and never from thoughtlessness. So far as he is a free man he uses every opportunity of tasting the blessedness of being able to assist life and avert from it suffering and destruction.

Devoted as I was from boyhood to the cause of the protection of animal life, it is a special joy to me that the universal ethic of Reverence for Life shows the sympathy with animals which is so often represented as sentimentality, to be a duty which no thinking man can escape. Hitherto ethics have faced the problem of man and beast either uncomprehending or helpless. Even when sympathy with the animal creation was felt to be right, it could not be brought within the scope of ethics, because ethics were really focused on the behavior of man to man.

When will the time come when public opinion will no longer any popular amusements which treatment of animals!

we in answer there to, is agreement with thought but not

possibility of exercising any real influence upon it.

With the appearance of the philosophy of Reverence for Life Christianity is now summoned to face once more the question whether it will or will not join hands with thought which is both ethical and religious in character.

Christianity has need of thought that it may come to the consciousness of its real self. For centuries it treasured the great commandment of love and mercy as traditional truth without recognizing it as a reason for opposing slavery, witch burning, torture, and all the other ancient and medieval forms of inhumanity. It was only when it experienced the influence of the thinking of the Age of Enlightenment (*Aufklärung*¹) that it was stirred into entering the struggle for humanity. The remembrance of this ought to preserve it forever from assuming any air of superiority in comparison with thought.

Many people find pleasure today in talking continually of how "shallow" Christianity became in the age of Rationalism. Justice surely demands that we should find out and admit how much compensation was made for that "shallowness" by the services rendered by that Christianity. Today in many states the system of most infamous tor-
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tion because it has no power over the spirit of the age.

To make up to itself for the fact that it does so little to prove the reality of its spiritual and ethical nature, the Christianity of today cheats itself with the delusion that

¹ *Aufklärung* = Illumination. The name given to the per-
eighteenth century made notable by the influence of the
thinkers: Montesquieu (1689-1755), Voltaire (1694-1778);
(1712-1778), Diderot (1713-1784), and others.

"Love never faileth: but . . . whether there be knowledge it shall be done away," says St. Paul.

The deeper piety is, the humbler are its claims with regard to knowledge of the suprasensible. It is like a path which winds between the hills instead of going over them.

The fear that the Christianity which is favorably inclined to the piety originating in thought will step into pantheism is unreal. Every form of living Christianity is pantheistic in that it is bound to envisage everything that exists as having its being in the great First Cause of all being. But at the same time all ethical piety is higher than any pantheistic mysticism, in that it does not find the God of Love in Nature, but knows about Him only from the fact that He announces Himself in us as Will-to-Love. The First Cause of Being, as He manifests Himself in Nature, is to us always something impersonal. But to the First Cause of Being, who becomes revealed to us as Will-to-Love, we relate ourselves as to an ethical personality. Theism does not stand in opposition to pantheism, but emerges from it as the ethically determined out of what is natural and undetermined.

Unfounded, too, is the doubt whether the Christianity which has passed through a stage of thinking can still bring home his sinfulness to the consciousness of man with sufficient seriousness. It is not where sinfulness is most talked about that its seriousness is most forcibly taught. There is not much about it in the Sermon on the Mount. But thanks to the longing for freedom from sin and for purity of heart which Jesus has enshrined in the Beatitudes, these form the great call to repentance which is unceasingly working on man.

If Christianity, for the sake of any tradition or for any considerations whatever, refuses to have itself interpreted in terms of ethico-religious thinking, it will be a misfortune for itself and for mankind.

What Christianity needs is that it shall be filled to overflowing with the spirit of Jesus, and in the strength of that shall spiritualize itself into a living religion of inwardness and love, such as its destined purpose should make it. Only as such can it become the heaven in the spiritual life of mankind. What has been passing for Christianity during these *n* centuries is merely a beginning, full of weaknesses and mistakes, not a full-grown Christianity springing from the of Jesus

Because I am devoted to Christianity in deep
am trying . . . it with loyalty and sincerity. In

which mankind of today is delivering itself through its renunciation of thinking and of the ideals which spring therefrom, I picture to myself in its utmost compass. And yet I remain optimistic. One belief of my childhood I have preserved with the certainty that I can never lose it: belief in truth. I am confident that the spirit generated by truth is stronger than the force of circumstances. In my view no other destiny awaits mankind than that which, through its mental and spiritual disposition, it prepares for itself. Therefore I do not believe that it will have to tread the road to ruin right to the end.

If men can be found who revolt against the spirit of thoughtlessness, and who are personalities sound enough and profound enough to let the ideals of ethical progress radiate from them as a force, there will start an activity of the spirit which will be strong enough to evoke a new mental and spiritual disposition in mankind.

Because I have confidence in the power of truth and of the spirit, I believe in the future of mankind. Ethical acceptance of the world contains within itself an optimistic willing and hoping which can never be lost. It is, therefore, never afraid to face the dismal reality, and to see it as it really is.

In my own life anxiety, trouble, and sorrow have been allotted to me at times in such abundant measure that had my nerves not been so strong, I must have broken down under the weight. Heavy is the burden of fatigue and responsibility which has lain upon me without a break for years. I have not much of my life for myself, not even the hours I should like to devote to my wife and child.

But I have had blessings too, that I am allowed to work in

take most exhausting work, that I have a well-balanced temperament which varies little, and an energy which exerts itself with calmness and deliberation, and, finally, that I can recognize as such whatever happiness falls to my lot, accepting it also as a thing for which some thank offering is due from me.

I feel it deeply that I can work as a free man at a time when an oppressive lack of freedom is the lot of so many, also that though my immediate work is material, yet I at the same time opportunities of occupying myself in sphere of the spiritual and intellectual.

Postscript

1932 - 1949

by Everett Skillings

BEFORE WORLD WAR II

IN the fall of 1931 near the end of his third period in Africa, Albert Schweitzer received an invitation from the city of Frankfort to give the address at the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death. He had just finished writing his autobiography and, having a complete set of Goethe's works with him at Lambaréné, he turned his thoughts at once to the memorial oration, the outline for which he completed before setting sail for Europe in January. One of the four nurses returning with him, Miss Margaret Deneke of Oxford, who had supervised the gangs of native laborers during her stay in Africa, recalls that the members of the party

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game," says his teacher. The Goethe memorial
completed just as the *Brazza* steamed into Bordeaux at the
end of the eighteen-day journey.

The celebration at Frankfort took place on March 22, 1932. Beginning at the exact hour of Goethe's death, Schweitzer spoke to men and women many of whom were conscious that they were facing a great national tragedy. With prophetic insight he gave them a clear analysis of the causes of the catastrophe which was indeed hanging over the whole world. Mrs. C. E. B. Russell, Schweitzer's friend and co-worker, writes: "How inspiring was the occasion! . . . The opera house in the poet's birthplace was packed to its capacity with listeners, so spellbound by the gravity

deep darkness which surrounds this one has already begun to lighten, that a race with a true feeling for reality is seeking to comprehend it, and is beginning to achieve a mastery over material and social needs, united in its resolve to remain loyal to the one true ideal of human personality.

During his stay in Europe from February, 1932, to March, 1933, in addition to the Goethe Oration, Schweitzer gave many lectures and concerts in Holland, England, Sweden, Germany, and Switzerland. "I recall," says Pierre van Paassen "how Dr. Schweitzer came over to 7 Lake (Holland) to

by the cathedral and hearing the organ, we found Dr. Schweitzer covered with dust and sweat, up in the loft busy cleaning the pipes. On Christmas he not only preached the sermon, but also played the organ to the astonishment of the churchgoers, who upon entering the cathedral, looked up in amazement when they heard the prelude and said 'Is that our old organ!' Archbishop Soderblom told me that Schweitzer did the same thing once in Upsala. But there he worked for two months before he had the organ back to what it should have been."¹

Schweitzer's most extended tours were usually in England. Beginning in early June, 1932, for several weeks, he lectured, gave organ recitals and visited friends in many parts of England. He broadcast from St. Margaret's, Westminster, and made recordings. He preached at Maude Royden's Guildhouse. He visited Scotland, for the first time, and with special interest because his mother, on account of Sir Walter Scott, had cherished for many years an unfulfilled desire to see that country.

During this visit to Britain, Schweitzer was the recipient of four honorary degrees: at Oxford (Divinity), at Edinburgh

¹ From *That Day Alone* by Pierre van Paassen by Dial Press, Inc. Copyright 1941 by Pierre van Paassen.

Gloria Coolidge, the first American nurse to go to Lambaréne, spent several months at the Guest House with Mme. Martin, learning from her many details of the work at the Hospital before embarking for Africa in January, 1948

It is at Günsbach that Dr. Schweitzer does most of his writing while he is in Europe; but busy as he is, he always has time for visitors. Often he meets an expected guest at the station and receives as a host, the traveler, the half mile or so igh the where ith the

guest sitting beside him on the organ bench.

In the late twenties, President J. S. Bixler of Colby College, then at Harvard, was requested by President Lowell to call upon Schweitzer when he was in Europe and ask him if he would come to Boston to deliver the Lowell Lectures. This was the year before the Guest House was completed so Dr. Bixler was invited to come to Königsfeld in the mountains of the Black Forest, where Schweitzer's modest home still stands. Dr. Bixler writes:

The two visits I had with Dr. Schweitzer at that time mark one of the high points of my life. Three impressions stand out. First I remember being upset when he asked me if it was not time for what sounded like *Yotz*. I could not remember ever hearing the word, but when he sat down at the piano and started to drum away in syncopated time I realized it was *Jazz* he was talking about.

The second has to do with the large bundle of mail wrapped up with a strap which he threw into a far corner

that he had gone to Africa in the it seemed as if the picture were complete.
For Dr. Schweitzer, devotion to truth, beauty,

time is a means of following through the religious
 "Not my will but Thine be done."

Just before the Nazi collapse Schweitzer wrote to a friend in America: "I received a cablegram from Alsace that my house at Gunsbach has not suffered from the bombing that much as the Munster valley has had. All the village of Gunsbach is in good condition. Munster (2½ kilometers from Gunsbach) is in part destroyed . . ."

In 1933, Mrs. Schweitzer left Königsfeld with their daughter to settle in Lausanne where, as much as his travels and work permitted, the Doctor spent his time when he was in Europe. They had chosen Lausanne for the climate and for the resources offered by the city for their daughter's education. "This city, so sympathetic in itself," writes Schweitzer, "had a particular attraction for us because of dear friends who lived there."

At the end of his fourth period in Africa, Schweitzer wrote an account of the work at the Hospital for his English friends which appeared in *The Spectator*, September 6, 1935. Here is a summary of this report:

A grateful white patient has presented the Hospital with a large kerosene lamp so that now urgent operations can be performed at night. This of course precludes the use of ether as an anesthetic because of the danger of fire, but a local or spinal anesthetic is generally used in any case. During these years the hospital has usually been filled to capacity largely on account of the influenza epidemic. In

Dr. Goldschmid began a friendly conversation with a woman who lay on the operating table, in order to divert her attention and cheer her, while she received the injections for local anesthesia, he received the comment: "This is no time for gossip; get on with the cutting."

In the year 1934, 622 major operations were performed. On one day between one and one-thirty P.M. three patients from three different directions arrived at the Hospital with strangulated hernias. [Many men are afflicted with this ailment

because their muscles have grown flabby from letting the women do most of the hard work] The most common ailments requiring surgery are hernia, elephantiasis, and abdominal tumors [Cancer and appendicitis have never been seen among the natives]

In February, 1934, Schweitzer is again in Europe spending the spring and summer, for the most part at Gunsbach working upon the third volume of his Philosophy and upon the preparation of the Gifford Lectures. In that year Dr. Ernest Bueding, now at Western Reserve University, came in contact with Schweitzer under very interesting circumstances at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. He relates an incident which is

ceeded in obtaining a preparation which offered some degree of immunity One day someone called from Colmar, Alsace, requesting information about this vaccine He indicated that

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sult of the
could only

consider large scale vaccinations if he himself were first given this preparation in order to experience and evaluate the untoward effects He was asked about his age and when he said he was about sixty, the person in charge advised strongly not to try this preparation on himself This was to no avail and the 'doctor from Colmar' replied that he would come to Paris the next day in order to discuss the matter further He insisted

this experiment
he was determined to have the vaccination performed for two
or had

'bad' patient because he could not see why these precautions of keeping him inactive in the hospital for two days should be taken."

In the autumn of 1934, Schweitzer visited England again to deliver the Hibbert Lectures at Manchester College, Oxford, on the subject, *Religion in Modern Civilization*. A series of four, these were given between October 16 and 25, and, on alternate days of the same period, they were repeated at London University. These lectures have not yet been published, but a fairly adequate summary from Schweitzer's own pen was contributed to *The Christian Century*, November 21 and 28, 1934. The first and last paragraphs of this summary follow:

I am going to discuss religion in the spiritual life and civilization of our time. The first question to be faced, therefore, is: Is religion a force in the spiritual life of our age? I answer in your name, and mine, "No!" . . . There is [however] a longing for religion among many who no longer belong to the churches. I rejoice to concede this. And yet we must hold fast to the fact that religion is not a force. The proof? The war. . . .

We wander in darkness now, but one with another we all have the conviction that we are advancing to the light; that again a time will come when religion and ethical thinking will unite. This we believe, and hope and work for, maintaining the belief that if we make ethical ideals active in our lives, then the time will come when peoples will do the same. Let us look out toward the light and comfort ourselves in reflecting on what thinking is preparing for us.

In November Schweitzer went to Edinburgh for the Gifford Lectures which he delivered three times a week in a series of ten on *The Problem of Natural Philosophy and Natural Ethics*. In these, he traces the progress of human thought, beginning with the great thinkers of India, China, Greece, and Persia. The chapter on the Evolution of Indian Thought grew to such proportions that he decided to publish it as a separate book. The German edition, *Die Weltanschauung der Indischen Denker*, was published in 1934 by Beck in Munich; the French edition, *Les Grands Penseurs de l'Inde*, was translated by Schweitzer himself in 1936 and published in Paris the next year by Payot. It was translated into English with the title *Indian Thought and Its Development*, by Mrs. C. E. M. and published in London by Hodder and Stoughton.

and in the United States by Henry Holt and Company the same year. Charles F. Andrews, the friend of Gandhi, assisted in the preparation of this book, particularly in connection with the chapters dealing with modern Indian thought; also Professor Winternitz, the celebrated authority on India at Prague, looked over important pages which Schweitzer sent to him for criticism. There will be a volume on The Chinese Thinkers after he has been able to submit his work to an authoritative Sino-logist, Schweitzer has said.

"The two courses of lectures (The Hibbert and the Gifford) overlap each other to some extent, and together represent a summary in homiletic form of the theme he has already developed in his *Philosophy of Civilization*"¹

When Schweitzer was in Edinburgh for the Gifford Lectures, it happened that Sir Wilfred Grenfell was home from Labrador. A meeting was arranged between them by a mutual friend. "We began at once," says Schweitzer, "to question each other . . . His chief trouble

Schweitzer, struck by the humorous contrast between his own warthy bulk and the much smaller frame of his trim, white-haired companion, wrote beneath his signature: "*L'Hippopourme est heureux de reconstruire l'Ours Blanc*"

On January 14, 1935, the city of Strasbourg commemorated . . . of its . . . again . . . months . . . Gifford

lectures in Edinburgh early in November. . . are delivered in French in a series of twelve.

During this visit to Great Britain, his last one up to 1949, he gave concerts and lectures almost continually for over months Schweitzer has written. "For a part of this trip dear friend and translator, C. T. Campion was with

¹ This and the two following quotations are from "Schweitzer *The Man and His Mind* (New York, F. 947), pp. 144, 148, 149. Quoted by permission.

In the spring of 1936, Schweitzer was lecturing and giving totals in his beloved Switzerland, which has furnished so many doctors and nurses for the work at Lambaréné. The rest of the year he spent for the most part at his desk in the Guest house at Gülsbach. He translated into French his book on the Indian philosophers and spent much time on the third

At the end of January he set sail for his sixth period in Africa, carrying with him the manuscript for the "Third volume," believing that now it would be possible for him to finish it. However, the increasing responsibilities of the hospital left him little time for this work. He was able, however, during 1938 to write a little volume of anecdotes upon the lives and ideas of the African natives. This book, entitled *Afrikanische Geschichten*, was published by Meiner in Leipzig in 1939.

His Hospital which he dedicated to the memory of Miss Dorothy Mannering, one time honorary secretary of Dr. Claude Royden's Guildhouse Fellowship in London which had become one of Lambaréné's staunchest supporters. Schweitzer dedicated it to Miss Royden:

"I had the great good luck to come upon a spring of water which never runs dry. To prevent the walls from falling in, I had to line them with 750 big concrete blocks which Mlle. Haussknecht and I made."

In 1938, to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Hospital at Lambaréné, the Europeans living in the Ogowé region presented Dr. Schweitzer with 90,000 francs with which to purchase an X-ray apparatus. With great foresight, however, he obtained their approval to buy instead a large supply of the most necessary drugs, a decision which proved, during the war years, to be a very wise provision.

THE WAR YEARS AND AFTER

Again a world war confronted the Schweitzers. Even in 1937, it was clear to them that war was inevitable and might break out at any time, perhaps cutting off all European supplies.

tion of the patients who had come from the interior for operations. From now on it was necessary to be economical with all materials and therefore we would operate only in the most urgent cases. We also dismissed all who were not seriously ill. What said days we spent sending these people home! Again and again we had to refuse the urgent entreaties of those who, in spite of all, wished to stay with us. Many of the homeward bound were able to travel by steamer or motorboat, but others had to make their way to distant villages by long and difficult jungle trails. At last they had all gone and the heart-rending scenes were at an end.

In March the liner *Brazza*, which for years had been running between Bordeaux and Equatorial Africa, was torpedoed near Cape Finisterre. She sank so quickly that few passengers were saved. Among those who perished were many from our district. And with her also was lost our last

stray shots by reinforcing the wooden walls, which were Lambaréné, with thick sheets of corrugated iron, of which we had a good store

From the autumn of 1940 on, our colony possessed a government co-operating with the Allies, with the result that, for the most part, we were cut off from France and the continent of Europe, but could have intercourse with England and the United States and, from time to time, through

periods recur when bananas and apples, the main . . . the natives, are scarce. It also

We have also received preparations of liver and iron from

the disease. A large camp for these patients has been established a short distance down the river. Doctors or white assistants now visit every village in a given district and examine all the inhabitants to discover by microscopic tests

these patients received from Luganda blacks lack many months do they feel better, scarcely do their ulcers show a tendency to heal than they believe they can for the time being do without treatment.

With success

added that ours is a jungle Hospital by

and waste of time. We have so far has been effective in keeping them out, but a ray of hope, in the use of DDT, is now held out to us.

We also suffer much from elephants, as they are constantly breaking, with devastating results, into the plantations belonging to the natives who supply the Hospital with bananas. As a result we are often hard up for food. How near the wild creatures of the forest come to us, I had opportunity of realizing afresh a few weeks ago. As natives had started making plantations on land to the Hospital, I had to remark its boundaries. W

on leave for several months in 1944. From April, 1944 on, Dr. Goldschmid undertook to replace the government doctor at the sleeping sickness camp near us. After this he was at our disposal only on mornings when we operated and for two or three hours in the afternoons.

In the summer of 1945, we were relieved at T. . . .

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very precious

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of course of things. As soon as we had

Cameroon mountains where we had been
to Paris in 1945, arriving there during the days of the
liberation of Holland.
Now Mlle. Koch took over all of the work in the Hospital
and Mlle. Emma undertook the kitchen as well as the
housekeeping and the garden. For a long time we had
three nurses instead of four. It was then that we
realize how tired we had become. The
only to the long sojourn in the hot, close

excessive work and overstrain. We confided to each other that, in order to carry on our daily work, we must continually strive to pull ourselves out of a deep depression.

We received the news of the end of the war in Europe at midday on May 7th. While I was sitting at my table, writing some urgent letters which must reach the river steamer by two o'clock, there appeared at my window a white patient who had brought his radio with him to the Hospital. He shouted to me that an armistice had been concluded in Europe. I had to keep on with my letters and then I had to go down to the Hospital for some treatments. But in the course of the afternoon the big Hospital bell was rung and our community gathered to hear the joyful news. After that, in spite of great fatigue, I had to devote myself to the plantation to see how the work was progressing. Not until evening could I begin to think and to imagine the meaning of the end of hostilities. While the palms were gently rustling outside in the darkness, I took from its shelf my little book with the sayings of Lao-tse, the Great Chinese thinker of the sixth century B.C., and read his impressive words on war and victory. "Weapons are disastrous implements, no tools for a noble being. Only when he cannot do otherwise, does he make use of them. Quiet and peace are for him the highest. He conquers, but he knows no joy in it. He who would rejoice in victory, would be rejoicing in murder. At the victory celebration, the general should take his place as is the custom at funeral ceremonies. The slaughter of human beings in great numbers should be lamented with tears of compassion. Therefore should he, who has conquered in battle, bear himself as if he were at a festival of mourning."

Now that the war was over in Europe, we expected that, within a reasonable time, fresh nurses and doctors would be able to come to our aid. But we were forced to abandon these cherished hopes. The formalities they had to go through before the journey could be undertaken, occupied

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 much as possible.

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In October the long expected ship, the *Providence*, arrived to take home the Europeans of our colony. It em-

barked hundreds of them including a number from our district who had to get away as quickly as possible on account of their health. Many of these had been resident patients at our Hospital for a long time.

Since the war ended prices have risen very much.

not all that we import, but also bananas and tapioca cost more and that means also an increase in wages for the natives. And we are hit hardest of all by the enormously increased fares for travel to and from Europe, for in this matter no economy is possible

Emma Haussknecht, who was at Lambaréné without vacation for eight years during the war period, wrote to The Fellowship in 1946:

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After the day's duties he plays on the piano with organ pedals and from our rooms, in the silence of the night and in the midst of the big forest, we enjoy the most perfect recitals. The music hours are a comfort and inner help. They have meant so much to me during the years of separation from home!

We cannot forget the helpfulness of the Lambaréné friends in the USA during the war. We cannot imagine this region here without the Hospital and its staff. The miserie around us makes us keen to continue as long as our strength holds out.

In the meantime, the middle of May, 1939, Mme. Schweitzer and her daughter had set sail for Lambaréné. This was Hena's first visit to Africa and the occasion gave them all great joy. The Doctor wrote to an American friend: "I am happy that my daughter is able to see my Hospital. She is

Paris. She had married an organ builder, M. Loxert, an friend of long standing

At the time of the collapse of the French government in 1940, Mme Schweitzer, who had been spending some time in Lausanne, was visiting the Eckerts in Paris. A letter from Mme. Eckert to a friend in America describes their tragic flight to the south of France "Like so many other people, we left Paris in June in our little car where we had packed the most necessary things. My mother, my husband, our little daughter, and I traveled across France. For about a month we lived on the roads, sleeping most of the time in our car and eating when we found something to eat."

Before they were finally settled in Lyon, where M. Eckert found employment and a tiny apartment, a second child was born to the Eckerts. In the summer of 1941 Mme Schweitzer joined her husband in Africa and the Eckerts, later on, were able to get to Switzerland. M. Eckert took a position with an old established firm of organ builders, the House of Kuhn in Zurich, of which he later became a director. The Eckerts now have four children. When the publishers of the new Schweitzer Anthology offered to send a number of copies to friends and supporters of the Hospital and asked for a list of names, Dr. Schweitzer responded "I want the first four copies to go to the grandchildren I have never seen."

[Through the courtesy of Dr. A. A. Roback, editor of the *Albert Schweitzer Jubilee Book*, I use in what follows parts of my article, *Albert Schweitzer, Humanitarian*, in that book.]

Soon after the outbreak of the war, Schweitzer wrote to American friends that he did not know whether he should stay at Lambaréné with his co-workers to continue their humanitarian work, or whether they should close the Hospital and return to Europe when that could be done. Later, upon learning of his decision to keep the Hospital open, friends got together and formulated plans to enlist American support for his work.

Thus it came about that, late in 1939, The Albert Schweitzer Fellowship of America came into being. The title "Fellowship" was suggested by Schweitzer's use of the word in the last chapter of *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest*. He writes about "the fellowship of those who bear the mark of pain." He says: "Who are the members of this fellowship? Those who have learned by experience what physical pain and bodily anguish mean belong together the world over, they are united by

a secret bond. One and all, they know the horrors of suffering to which man can be exposed; one and all they know the longing to be free from pain."

When Schweitzer was told of the plans being formulated, he wrote: "My mind is greatly relieved to hear that now I can receive help from America. It seems to me in the nature of a miracle. I shall never be able to thank you all sufficiently." He went on in this letter to explain the nature of his work which is not connected with any church or missionary society or any other organization. His one request was that the form of our association should be as simple as possible. He desires no rigid, impersonal setup, but rather direct personal touch from one individual to another, creating complete spontaneity of

ever-widening interest in that section of the country.

The harpsichordist, Mme. Alice Ehlers, who knew the Schweitzers in Europe, has given a number of recitals in the West for the benefit of Lambaréné.

The organists of the United States, through their organization The American Guild of Organists, have done much to further the work. Mr. Edouard Nies-Berger, who as a boy in Strasbourg knew Schweitzer, has taken the lead in this matter and has given many benefit recitals.

From far-off Australia and New Zealand have come inquiries about The Albert Schweitzer Fellowship. They witness the international importance of the Schweitzers in their work of racial reconciliation. The director of the Presbyterian Church of Australia wrote "It seems an amazing piece of internationalism that your acquaintance with a New Zealand chaplain, now in Italy, led you to write to me in Melbourne from Vermont about affairs in Africa."

On January 14, 1945, Albert Schweitzer was seventy years old. On that day throughout the United States, musical circles, weekly journals, churches, and other organizations took note of the event. Dr. Schweitzer wrote to the Fellowship:

Your cable of January 14th informing me that sending funds has made me very happy. How grateful to all the donors who have made this rem.

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